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Our Caveman Ancestors

Dramatic Paintings of the Life of Prehistoric Man by Charles R. Knight Distinguished Artist-Scientist

ATTACKED BY A SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER

THIS scene may have happened about 250,000 years ago somewhere in Southern Central France. The time is before the glacial period and much earlier than the day of the Neanderthal man, and the very low type shown here is much more primitive and less developed mentally. His head is modeled somewhat on the Piltdown skull and he falls about midway between the Pithecanthropus of Java and the Neanderthal man. The association of primitive man with the sabre-toothed tiger is not very definitely known—but is quite within the bounds of probability. The sabre-toothed tiger was very different from the modern animal, having a short tail like a lynx. It was much less agile and swift than the present tiger, its hind legs being poorly developed.

Military Musicians Swing It While They Pedal

The Bass Drummer's Technique Doesn't Seem to Be Affected by the Necessity of Riding Through the Streets of Hertogenbosch, Holland, With One Hand on the Handle-bar and the Other Pounding the Daddy of All Percussion Instruments.

Like the Drummer, the Cymbal Player Steers With One Hand and Pounds Out Rhythm With the Other.

On Left, the Cycle Band Presents a Queer Sight on Parade. The Men Who Bear the Heaviest Burdens Are the Tuba Players, Whose Horns Are Literally Wrapped Around the Riders.

Below, the Photograph Indicates That These Vehicles Are Top Heavy, and the Musicians Carrying the Bulk of the Brass Section Must Be Adept at Balancing.

MILITARY bands and martial music have a way of "inspiring" people to back up the views of their statesmen and the doings of their armies. The sight of parading troops and the sound of blaring brass and resounding drums have as much power as speeches and eloquent editorials to arouse the emotions of patriotism and nationalism.

Europe has more bands right now than you could shake a sabre at, but it is in the ancient city of Hertogenbosch, Holland, that the most remarkable of these musical organizations "inspires" the populace. As the photographs on this page show, the players in this outfit do not goosestep through the highways and by-ways, but ride along on modern bicycles while, as one of the characters in a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera sings, they "toot the horns and sound the brasses."

To people unaccustomed to such spectacles, the sight of a military band rolling along on bikes might have something comic about it, but to the Dutch the pedaling band has as much dignity as a parade of uniformed musicians moving on foot.

For many years most European countries have had squadrons of soldiers mounted on bicycles because troops so equipped can move with speed and economy. So it does not seem much of an innovation to apply the method of locomotion to the musical division of a garrison.

The band in Hertogenbosch is a highly efficient organization. After long practice these able musicians have learned to handle their instruments and, at the same time, pedal with their feet and manipulate the handlebars of their wheels. For a group of men who never had done such a thing before a parade on wheels would be a difficult stunt and probably would present anything but a neat military appearance.

The Dutchmen, however, have mastered the business of keeping in line and playing in perfect harmony while pedaling their rubber-tired "mounts." Even the bass drummer has no difficulty beating his instrument while he steers with his gloved left hand. The tuba players, with the coils of their big horns literally wound around their bodies, manage quite as well, because the coils fit close and the mouthpieces are specially designed to stay next to their lips.

The men of this outfit are enthusiastic about the idea of equipping bands with bicycles. Many of them used to be members of bands that paraded on foot and they say that they can go three or four times as far as they used to without getting weary. They have even learned to mount and dismount in unison so that these manœuvers have an orderly and precise military "snap" to them.

The bicycle band has something like 30 pieces and the leader rides at the head, baton in hand. His men have to keep their wheels in perfect mechanical condition, just as cavalrymen are required to care for their horses and both "bikes" and instruments must be kept bright and shiny.

Hoax Started New Hat Style

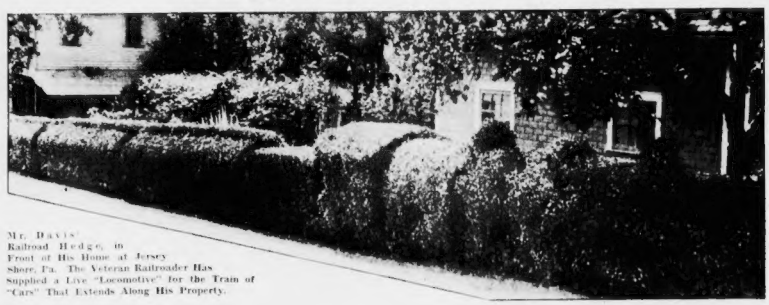
LAST April Fool's Day a German magazine, as is its custom, published several pictures intended to hoodwink readers. Among these were photographs purporting to launch a new style in feminine millinery. Pretty girls were shown wearing two small hats instead of one. The pictures were credited to one "Beutelschneider," a name which, translated into English, means "the man who exploits other people's stupidity."

When the magazine reached England, a fashion editor there saw possibilities in the idea, which seemed so silly to the Germans, and commissioned one of London's leading designers of women's hats to make up several of the twin headpieces. Two views of one of these hats is shown in the pictures reproduced below.

A Model Wearing the Double Hat, Portrayed in Hoax Pictures Recently Published in Germany. The April Fool Joke Attracted a Number of British Milliners, Who Seized on the Notion to Create a New and Popular Style.

The two-in-one creation was made of a fine grade of straw and neatly trimmed with artificial rosebuds. A fetching veil was added to sort of link the little hats together and give the wearer an intriguing air. A band of the straw, as shown in the small picture, connected the "part" and "starboard" hats in the back so that they couldn't get out of line.

A week after the "fool" hats were displayed in a smart millinery shop, customers were buying them and ordering more of the same style.



Mr. Davis' Railroad Hedge, in Front of His Home at Jersey Shore, Pa. The Veteran Railroader Has Supplied a Live "Locomotive" for the Train of "Cars" That Extends Along His Property.

Living Monuments to the Dance

WHEN certain of the swarthy tribesmen in the interior of the South Pacific island of New Guinea have occasion to celebrate, which they frequently do, they get into dancing costumes as strange as any that can be found on the face of the earth. The outfits are towering creations of woven straw built on a foundation of twigs. They make the dancers look like giants and, it is said, that these "men of straw" have the power to attract good luck and drive away the spirits of evil.

Although the get-ups are queer they are not comic, for the faces atop the long necks are tragic-looking like skulls, or the heads of dead humans. The curious objects are kept in a special tribal house and looked upon as sacred and supernatural possessions.

The Curious "Masks" Made of Straw, and Used by Native Tribes of New Guinea for Their Ceremonial Dances.

Mr. Davis' Odd Chu-Chu Hedge

ONE of the landmarks in the community of Jersey Shore, Pennsylvania, is a hedge that probably is unique. It isn't clipped in the usual box-like manner but is a growing and more-or-less accurate representation of a train made up of three cars and a locomotive complete with tender.

This oddity is the work of Mr. J. L. Davis and it means a great deal to him because he was, for more than 40 years, an engineer with the Pennsylvania Railroad. A few years ago an infection made it necessary to amputate one of Mr. Davis' arms and he was forced to retire from railroading.

Settling down to a life of retirement wasn't easy for a man who had lived a busy life of action and responsibility, but Mr. Davis took his situation philosophically and spent considerable time working around his house and grounds. This kept him out in the air and sunshine, occupied his mind and helped him to forget his misfortune.

With patient care the ex-engineer raised a healthy hedge about 70 feet along. One day, walking along by the row of greenery, he was reminded of its rough similarity to a string of cars and he had the inspiration to trim the hedge into the likeness of a train.

After measuring the hedge and drawing a few "blueprints" in order to get the proportions right, Mr. Davis figured that the live fence along his property would just about make a locomotive and tender and three coaches. Four cars would have been too many and the hedge was too low to look right with an engine and only two cars.

He might have called in an expert landscape gardener to do the job according to his instructions, but Davis wanted the fun of doing the training and clipping himself. He learned to use the clippers, even with the handicap of a missing arm, and went calmly to work.

The coaches were comparatively simple to do and the block-like tender was easiest of all, but the locomotive was something of a problem and had to be done exactly right to be realistic in appearance. How cleverly Mr. Davis trimmed his hedge into a modern "iron horse" can be seen from the photograph.

Several times a year the verdant train has to be clipped and it is so expertly done that hundreds of people have visited the neighborhood to see the oddity.

Farmer Says Single Indian Swains Told

IN the Spring a young Seminole Indian's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love and marriage—and to the business of growing garden stuff. Among these redmen who, like their ancestors, live on the Florida peninsula, there is a close tie-up between marriage and the ability to make things grow in the soil. It's an old Seminole custom that no young man may take unto himself a bride until he has demonstrated that he is a farmer and well able to support the squaw of his choice.

Every Spring the young braves between the ages of 17 and 21 get busy with their plowing, harrowing and planting. Under the watchful eyes of the tribal elders they do their work against the day when they'll pop the question to Little Laughing Water or Miss White Heron and hope for the permission of the powers-that-be to take the girl as a bride.

The gardening activities of the young bucks are done in the early Spring because they must demonstrate their agricultural talents before the annual Green Corn Court which is held during the month of June. It is at this ancient Seminole ceremony that the marriage rites are held while the whole community makes merry.

For a whole year after a young Seminole assumes the duties of a husband he is checked up by the bosses of the settlement. They have a look at his garden while it is growing and come around again at harvest time to study the results of his work. If the harvest is unsatisfactory and the fault can be attributed to poor work and laziness the young spouse is hailed before the next Green Corn Court and punished for his sloth and lack of efficiency.

In many ways the institution of marriage as practiced by the Seminoles might well serve as a model for more "civilized" people. When a Seminole couple weds they are bound together for keeps. Any philandering on the part of husbands is severely punished, sometimes by ripping off the offender's ears. This is a process as painful and embarrassing that Lothartos among the Seminoles are extremely rare.

These Florida Indians have other sensible notions about marriage, too. They do not permit child marriages, nor do they sanction the wedding of people who are approaching middle age. It is their belief that the ideal time to marry, for their people and in the climate that prevails, is between the ages of 17 and 20.

Now and then, of course, a Seminole couple goes awry but, in the great majority of cases, marriages in the tribe are successful and last until one or the other of the principals is called to the "happy hunting grounds."

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Won't Settle Down So Always Has to Settle Up

"Playboy" Jack De Ruyter's Second Wife Tells Why She Wants More Alimony and Calls Him a "Broadway Sophomore," But Refuses to Say What It Means, Although It All Sounds Very Insulting

Mr. Jack De Ruyter Indulging in Some Playboy Antics With the Second Mrs. De Ruyter on the Sliding Board at a Fashionable Garden Party, but This Was Before She Found Out, She Says, How Unpleasant His Playfulness Could Be.

Mrs. Lois De Ruyter Sprecke1s, the First Mrs. De Ruyter, Who Made Him Settle Up Before He Could Settle Down to the Playboy Business.

PLAYBOY Jack De Ruyter won't settle down so now he has to settle up again. Mrs. Merle Rutherford De Ruyter, in her plea to the New York courts for more separation alimony, called her husband:

"A Broadway sophomore."

Mrs. De Ruyter, though only 19 years old, has coined a new expression, accepted at once by Broadway, which seems to know exactly what it means and that it is very insulting.

Yet, the young inventor herself refuses to define her label further than to say that her affidavit explains everything. The only paragraph in which she mentions the phrase to Supreme Court Justice Ernest E. L. Hammer reads as follows:

"I have drunk with him in the endeavor to shame him into taking care of me. I have been drunk. I have attempted to commit suicide rather than continue the life we were leading. At 20, my husband is still a sophomore, and worse, a Broadway sophomore. Without money, except what he could get from his own family and mine, he is still the town's most lurid playboy, still the gilded youth."

A learned employe of the New York Public Library on Fifth Ave., only a pistol shot away from Broadway, looked through all the dictionaries, ancient and modern, and summed up what they had to say about sophomore, as follows:

"It is a combination of two Greek words—sophos, meaning wise, and moros, meaning foolish; in other words, a sophisticated moron."

Even Dr. Charles E. Funk, of Funk and Wagnalls, assistant to Dr. Vizetelly, famous lexicographer, received the newly-wedded pair of words with considerable respect and handed down this expert opinion:

"Although I have never heard the term before, Broadway sophomore is not difficult to define. A sophomore is one who is excessively wise in false wisdom. In college terms, it applies to the second year college student, who becomes so after the freshness is knocked out of him during his freshman year. A Broadway sophomore, therefore, might be considered the same thing in terms of the 'college of sophisticated life,' hence an excessively wise guy, or one who is excessively wise in false sophistication."

The following two definitions are helpful efforts by some of the brightest minds in the Players' Club and The Lambs:

"A Broadway sophomore means to Broadway, what a palooka means to real fighters or a punk to the underworld."

"Broadway sophomores are men and women who have lost their fresh innocence and not yet arrived at real sophistication."

Many think the new label is merely a truly descriptive term for the average playboy. If so, the man who inspired its coinage is entitled to a niche in some sort of Hall of Fame.

Miss Merle Rutherford, when she married playboy Jack, was a girl of seventeen who had lived a sheltered life in Long Island's most exclusive set, under the wing of her wealthy aunt, Mrs. Bernice Holland Fleming, of Alexandria, Va. De Ruyter, then 28, had an even wealthier high-society aunt, Mrs. Moses Taylor Campbell, who was expected to leave $5,000,000 to her favorite playboy nephew. Some of the high spots of Mrs. De Ruyter's biographical sketch of their married life, filed in the Manhattan Supreme Court, are as follows:

"When we were first married my husband told me that he was a stock broker. As a matter of fact, he did not have such a job and since our marriage has not earned a penny. If it had not been for my aunt, Mrs. Holland, who gave us $50 a week, who paid for our honeymoon and who got us out of any number of debts for liquor, for food and even for doctors, we should have been forced to ask charity from my husband's own relatives.

"In all the time we have been married," she further deposes, "my husband gave me money enough only to buy a dress and a pair of shoes I have paid his liquor bills with money I had saved before our marriage."

But it was only two years, as Broadway points out, and Mrs. De Ruyter ought to keep them as trophies, because they are more than some wives ever get from playboy husbands. Her affidavit goes sadly on:

"In February, 1926, we were in Florida. My aunt found us there, drunken from a five-day debauch, without food, without money to pay our hotel bill. If she had not paid our bill and given us our tickets home, we would have been stranded. I am not defending myself, but at that time I was a child of 17 that loved her husband and followed him blindly."

Every well-equipped playboy has a rich mother or aunt who saves him from having to work for a living. Since Jack had a doting auntie, Broadway does not see why Merle felt called upon to waste hers. The disillusioned young wife's tale continues:

"My husband made a physical and mental wreck out of me. My mother warned me against marrying him, but I was infatuated. Our one year of married life was one scrap after another, because of insistent drunkenness and debauchery. I might have known from my husband's past reputation. He had been named correspondent in the notorious Freddie Rich case. My friends warned me. My mother begged me to delay our marriage until I was older, but my husband and I threatened to elope unless she gave her consent.

"I have come to my senses. Life with a waster, a profligate never-do-well is impossible. I am still young. The experiences of the past year have taught me that happiness could never come from such a marriage.

"I realize my husband is a product of the headlines, a playboy who has a reputation to maintain and will maintain it forever no matter whose heart he breaks in the process."

Merle was only seventeen when she made the big mistake but she admits that they had told her about the Freddie Rich case and if, as she asserts, Jack maintains a headline reputation as a playboy what fairer warning against marrying him could a girl ask? At that cross-roads in her life the road to happiness by marrying Jack must have been studded with all sorts of red lights and signs telling her that it was "Slippery When Wet," and to beware of "Soft Shoulders," "Dangerous Curves," "Proceed At Your Own Risk," and such other cautions as should make a prudent maiden turn around and go back to Mama.

Furthermore she knew that a previous wife, Mrs. Lois Quantam Clarke De Ruyter, had tried to get through and been glad to take a detour to Reno.

In his affidavit answering her allegations, Jack makes a blanket denial of her charges and he proceeds to say:

"My wife is living with her aunt, Mrs. Bernice Fleming Holland in Alexandria, Va. She gave us most of the money which was used for our support during our marriage. Mrs. Holland is a very wealthy woman, living in a $60,000 mansion furnished with rare antiques, Carial furniture and Royal French household goods. My wife has been living in all the wealth and luxury that her aunt can provide. Mrs. Holland has been married and divorced three times and most of her wealth came from her husbands."

Mr. De Ruyter in a Loving Pose With Peggy Rich, Who Says He Promised to Marry Her, but Didn't.

Mrs. Merle Rutherford De Ruyter No. 2 Who Calls Her Husband a "Broadway Sophomore" and Wants More Alimony From Him.

Peggy's Pleased Expression While Listening, Perhaps, to Her Lawyer Telling Her That Jack Had Again Decided to Settle Up.

The "Broadway sophomore" knows all about the "alimony racket" and though he admits living on the gifts of his wife's aunt, feels it necessary to point out to the judge that this lady did not earn it herself, but acquired it largely by divorcing three husbands. That is sophistry too deep even for Broadway seniors. The judge took under advisement the question of whether Merle's temporary alimony should be raised from $10 a week to $100. Jack's aunt, Mrs. Taylor, recently died, leaving him an amount which his wife describes as "more than $100,000."

What Mrs. De Ruyter calls "the notorious Freddie Rich case" seems to be an example of the axiom that "the adjective is the enemy of the noun," certainly the adjective "notorious" is a mean enemy to Mr. Rich, who was a perfectly respectable married noun and did not deserve it. Freddie Rich, well-known orchestra leader, sued his beautiful wife, Peggy, naming as corespondent Jack De Ruyter, whom he said he caught in a raid playboying around with Peggy.

After Mr. Rich won his divorce, Peggy sued Jack for $250,000 heartbalm, on rather broad grounds, asserting among other things that he had compromised her by being in her apartment, just when her husband raided it, by going into vaudeville with her, taking out a marriage license to marry her and then changing his mind. The heartbalm action was settled privately for an amount reported to have been quite costly to the playboy.

The Rich divorce suit and raid came at a fortunate moment for the first Mrs. De Ruyter, who was in Reno, but unable to force any sort of settlement from her husband because he declined to put his head into the financial noose by appearing in the suit. The Reno courts, therefore, had no jurisdiction over Mr. De Ruyter's finances as long as he kept out of Nevada.

But Mr. Rich's successful divorce played such ammunition in Mrs. De Ruyter's hands that she could easily win a divorce in New York State. She did not have to, because Jack suddenly became reasonable and settled up again for what is said to have been a liberal slice of his future inheritance.

Mrs. Lois De Ruyter, having tied everything up nicely went on to California and married Adolph Spreckels, Jr., heir to the Spreckels sugar millions. In due time she presented Mr. Spreckels with a baby and right after that with a divorce. Jack had married Lois also at the unripe age of seventeen.

According to Mrs. Merle De Ruyter, her husband is a man of novel ideas. Husbands have thrown wives out of doors and windows and done a dumb-waiter shuffle, in moments of annoyance. They have called up all sorts of authorities from police to mothers-in-law to put them out. But Merle credits Jack with a new idea in the course of an argument about going to a night club.

When she refused, she relates, he phoned a protective agency to, in his own words, "Have her thrown out!" He finally permitted her to go upstairs, she says.

The agency specializes in burglar alarms and other methods of keeping undesired persons from getting into houses but has built up no reputation for ejecting wives who have worn their welcome out. Broadway thinks that any agency which can furnish husbands with that line of "protection" has a great future.

On christmas husbands of high and low degree, even playboys, are supposed to send the wife a sentimental message, preferably accompanied by a present. Sure enough, though they were separated on Christmas Eve, came a letter from Jack. She says it read as follows:

"Sorry about everything. Hope you will be nice and give me a divorce as you probably know there is somebody else."

Though this is not the kind of letter a girl ties up in pink ribbons, Mrs. De Ruyter thought enough of the note to preserve and attach it to her deposition as "Exhibit A."

Mr. De Ruyter doesn't know quite what his wife means by "Broadway sophomore," but is sure that it is very insulting and degrading and is not true anyhow and denies that he is one.

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Cleared Of Murder By One Word That Opened His Cell Door To Romance

ONE word that Hans Hansen didn't understand — and the eventual realization of what the word means — played a big part in his release from prison, after he had served about seven years of a 25-year sentence for murder. The word is "infatuated."

Most men in similar circumstances would consider themselves lucky to find themselves suddenly turned loose. But Fate served Mr. Hansen a double portion of good luck by opening the gates of Nebraska Penitentiary and warming the heart of a young woman who will help the ex-convict back to a life of usefulness and, perhaps, become Mrs. Hansen one of these days.

The girl—pretty 18-year-old Naomi Nayler—never had seen Hansen until he was discharged from prison on parole. And he never had looked on her face. Their friendship began two years ago when she wrote to him because, like a great many other people, she believed him innocent. The letters, at first merely sympathetic and urging the convict to be of good hope, became more personal as time went on. So did Hansen's notes answering them. By the time he was set free he felt that he knew the girl intimately and she took much more than an impersonal interest in him.

The strange story begins back in the Summer of 1930 when J. C. Stephens, Hansen's employer, was found clubbed to death in his Omaha home. Hansen, a strapping young Scandinavian, was his yardman at the time. Mrs. Stephens was in Illinois when her husband was murdered. It was brought out in the trial that she was trying to make up her mind whether to get a divorce.

For no better reason than his connection with the Stephens household, Hansen was taken into custody and thoroughly questioned by the police. In the course of the questioning the yardman, a gangling youth more than six feet tall, made it plain that he had little use for his boss but was fond of Mrs. Stephens.

Prosecutor John W. Yeager, who has since become a judge of the Criminal Court in Omaha, was quick to follow this thin lead. He asked Hansen if he was infatuated with Mrs. Stephens.

After a moment's pause, Hansen replied, "Yes."

A large footprint was found in the soft ground beside the house. The print undoubtedly was made by one of Hansen's unusually big shoes. A pair of pruning shears was found in the lavatory of the house.

The jury was given no clean-cut evidence that the footprint was made on the night of the killing. Neither was it established beyond doubt that the pruning shears were used by the murderer.

But these clues, combined with the admission that he was "infatuated" with Mrs. Stephens, wove a web of circumstantial evidence around Hansen that sent him to prison for 25 years.

From the first he protested his innocence and there were many people in Nebraska who felt that he had been "railroaded" to prison. Eventually even Yeager felt the same way. He voluntarily went before the pardon board and told these men that the thought of Hansen in prison had "haunted" him.

Hans Found the Key to His Freedom in the Dictionary. The Word "Infatuated" Was What Convicted Him, but It Also Opened His Cell Door. Here He Is Studying Its Happy Meaning.

While in Prison, Hansen Made a Ring for Naomi, and the Camera Shows a Close-up of Its Presentation to the Loyal Young Woman.

Hansen took many books out of the prison library—including a dictionary. One day he ran across the word "infatuated."

Hansen explained to the prison authorities that he had discovered something important—that he had not been "infatuated" with the wife of the man for whom he worked. The explanation seemed to make sense. The convicted man's friends renewed their effort to set him free. The parole was granted.

For two years Hansen had been getting letters from Naomi Nayler and answering them. The man and the girl who never had seen each other met the day Hansen was set free.

Hans and Naomi, All Ready to Leave the Gloomy Penitentiary, After Their Happy Meeting. The Outside and Its Beckoning Romance Looked Good to the Young Viking After Six Years Behind the Bars.

Hansen's first stop when he arrived in Omaha was the girl's house. When he found a job in Kimballton, Iowa, he indicated that he was looking forward to finding a place for himself in society and in the affections of a certain pretty young woman.

Turned Stamp Collection Into a Gown

THE photograph at the right will cause considerable envy on the part of some stamp collectors — and there are thousands of them in this country—not because they want a gown like that but because they wish they had some of the stamps pasted on it in their own collections.

Mrs. Kaarina Bjarsby, of Boston, is the proud owner of the outfit which is decorated with more than 6,000 of the little bits of brightly colored paper that governments issue for their post office departments. Almost every country in the world is represented in the costume and the stamps would make a modest collection for some philatelist just starting in the game.

The dress Mrs. Bjarsby is careful to explain, is not such a waste of stamps as it might seem to some enthusiasts because she only used duplicates from her private stock. In her albums she has copies of every one of the 6,000 stamps or she wouldn't be using them in this interesting manner.

This is not the first time that stamps have been pressed into service to make the color scheme of wearing apparel although there probably are not more than one or two such costumes in the world, at least not as attractive and "stampy" as this one.

There is, in Star City, Indiana, a Miss Effie Corts, who works in the post office and wears a smock which she has embellished in the same way. Miss Corts is not interested in collecting stamps and pasting them in books, and none of the stamps on her work outfit is especially valuable, but she is well known in her community and round-about for the originality of her ideas about clothes.

This Indiana outfit has only a few hundred stamps on it, but Miss Corts, who made it in her spare time and from stamps that came into her post office, frequently has people drop in who have heard of her get-up and want to look at it.

The Boston woman's gown, however, is said to be worth several hundred dollars, because of the value of the stamps which cover it.

The costume is patterned after a type of dress that was modish and popular back in the Middle Ages. Even the close-fitting cap is covered with stamps and harmonizes nicely with the long, full skirt, the big collar and the flaring sleeves.

Mrs. Bjarsby only wears her stamp frock on special occasions, and never appears outdoors in it when the Weather Man prophesies rain.

Mrs. Kaarina Bjarsby of Boston, Wearing Her Colorful Gown Made of Stamps, Taken From Her Collection. This Gown Did Not Deplete the Woman's Collection, Because Every One of the 600 Stamps Is a Duplicate.

And He Eats Spinach, Too

BECAUSE he discovered that his features resemble those of the well-known comic character, Popeye, Raymond Boyakin, of Salt Lake City goes around emulating the pipe-smoking sob and attracting considerable attention to himself while publicizing the star of the newspapers and movies whom he so amusingly apes.

The youngsters around Salt Lake City think Mr. Boyakin is about the funniest man alive. He appears at rodeos, fairs, theatrical performances, looking very much like his photograph below. By long practice he has learned to talk like Popeye and, even to walk like him.

Strangely enough Boyakin takes Popeye's advice about spinach eating with more or less seriousness, believing that the vegetable is good for the system even if it doesn't make a man able to perform prodigious feats of strength.

Mr. Boyakin actually looks a great deal like Popeye when he fixes his face for his funny antics. His eyes are small and his nose is of generous size. By the addition of a little theatrical putty he can make it a duplicate of the mythical sailor's proboscis. He also has an unusually flexible face making it possible for him to thrust out his chin and pull his mouth close up under his nose.

Boyakin is credited by farmers in the Mormon country with the sale of hundreds of pounds of spinach every year, for when he goes through the pantomime of eating the green stuff out of a can and then suddenly develops a burst of pep, the Utah youngsters believe—as many boys and girls do when they see the character on the screen—that spinach has the miraculous power to "make muscle."

Not long ago Boyakin posed for a life-size bust while a sculptress preserved his funny features in clay.

Boyakin has several Popeye caps and costumes which were especially made for him. He always keeps one of these ensembles ready for a performance to add to his fame.

Raymond Boyakin, of Salt Lake City, Utah, Who Is Said to Be the Nearest Living Counterpart of Popeye, the Sailor Man—And in His Nautical Attire He Attempts to Prove It.

A Church That Visits Its Congregations

SEVERAL European countries have floating chapels by which religion is carried to people who live on the shores of lakes and along the banks of rivers. But none of these aquatic houses of God compares with a marine church which recently went in commission on the Parana River in Argentina.

This craft, shown in the photographs at the left, actually has a church, with a real steeple, erected on its broad deck. The church itself is 108 feet long and is large enough to accommodate 400 worshipers. Some of the best artists in the country were engaged to decorate the sides of the chapel and to paint a religious scene over the good-sized altar. The windows are of stained glass.

When the idea was suggested by leading churchmen, who wanted to be sure that the people living in the delta country where the Parana and Uruguay rivers meet had an opportunity to go to church, the government promptly offered its co-operation and the work on the church was done in the government shipyard at Buenos Aires.

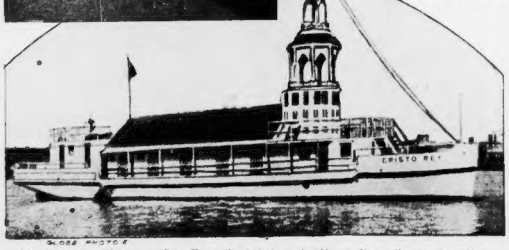
The hull of a vessel, which had passed its days of usefulness on the high seas, was picked up cheaply and was somewhat remodeled before it was made tight and painted white. The decks were calked and the church was built on the deck. The work took about six months and no money was spared in making the marine church the finest thing of its kind anywhere in the world.

Powerful Diesel motors were installed aft and a pilot house was built in the base of the steeple. The windows of the house were so designed that they harmonized nicely with the ecclesiastical character of the structure.

Many of the villages and settlements along the two large rivers and the network of smaller streams crossing the delta between them have no church of their own. The new floating church cannot, of course, call at more than three or four villages on a Sunday, for it covers a route that takes it about 125 miles north and west of the Argentine capital and up and down many of the smaller winding streams.

The floating church has enough money behind it to operate for several years and the contributions of people to whom it travels are used to pay the minister, the engineer and the crew of three. There is a bell in the steeple which calls the parishioners to service when the church drops anchor in midstream or ties up beside the bank.

There is some talk of fitting out a similar craft to bring religion to the isolated communities along the shores of the Amazon.



The Sea-going Chapel, as Seen From the Outside, and (Above) From the Inside. The Altar and Its Surroundings Are Gorgeously Decorated. Outside the Ship Is Trim and Neat, and Has a Speed of Sixteen Knots.

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Zog Finds a Queen at Last—Almost

Astonishing Jumble of Brides and Revolutions in the Albanian Monarch's Comic Opera Search for a Wife---But Everything Would Be All Right If Only He Would Marry the Girl His Subjects Have Picked Out for Him

Lord Granville Gordon Went on a Hunting Expedition in the Mountains of Albania and a Few Days Later the British Consul in Scutari Found on His Desk the Left Ear of His Distinguished Countryman. With a Demand for $20,000 Ransom or His Lordship's Right Ear Would Also Be Forwarded.

TIRANA, Albania.

HIS Majesty King Zog of Albania is still "crazy to get married"; he is a dashing, handsome man of 41, "every inch a King," and his bride would be an honest-to-goodness reigning Queen. When any girl friends from her home town call they must do a courtesy on entering her presence and leave it walking backward, like a crab. Zog's is an attractive proposition from many points of view and lots of nice, wealthy girls would like to share his throne but the way things stand he cannot marry anyone. Was ever a ruler in such a Royal jam?

Every time His Majesty's subjects hear he is proposing to some foreign woman, the only kind that has any real money, somebody tosses a bomb through one of the palace windows or shots, whizzing bullets and wild war-cries announce that another rebellion has started. King Zog with his army never fails to put down those revolts after which, if really annoyed, the King hangs a few ringleaders. But when he hurries back to go on with the proposal he invariably finds that the would-be Queen has decided she does not want such a dangerous job.

There would be no rebellion but general approval and loud "Huzzahs!" among the populace, if the King would marry Fatima, daughter of Shefkuti Bey, who is only second in political importance to Zog himself. Fatima is willing and a nice girl, nice as anyone could want, which nobody disputes, least of all the King, and also her father has intimated that he would turn over half his worldly goods as dowery. Yet Fatima is impossible.

The trouble is that the Bey's wealth consists almost entirely of mountain live stock and a dowry of about 2,000 goats would not help much toward paying up the back salary of the army which wants its money in hard cash or something quickly negotiable, like jewelry—but no goats.

Zog has no jewelry to speak of because he has long been out of the banditry business and has been trying to put a stop to that ancient industry ever since he ascended the throne more than ten years ago.

It looks as if His Majesty Zog I, like the recent King Edward of England, would have to abdicate to get married.

King Ahmed Zogu, which means big falcon, has certainly tried hard. For years he has kept a standing offer with the best matrimonial agencies in Europe to pay a $5,000 commission (gold, not goats) for a Queen. True, the first announcements stated that the successful candidate must be young, beautiful, sweet, good modest, sober, have an agreeable voice and a million a year to spend in Albania.

If such a heavenly combination ever existed, Zog knows perfectly well that she was married long ago. But the "falcon" never meant all that, especially the dowry. The brokers understood that he was merely following the Oriental custom of opening negotiations with a prohibitive figure. However, he does want a good-looking one who can write a check big enough at least to square the account with the army. Just how much that would take is a carefully guarded state secret.

The latest uncrowned Queen changed her mind when the shogg began is the attractive Italian Pessa Lazio Della Rovere, who is 27-years old, and seems to have fitted out of the specifications except that's dot is 25,000,000 lire ($1,500,000) She had the extra and unrequired vantage of belonging to the Royal Party of Italy and the mighty backing of Mussolini.

Albania being only about 50 miles away from the "heel of Italy's "boot" across the Straits of Otranto, Il Duce has felt it necessar to keep a finger in the Albanian pi which he has done by a series of kns. Since goats are notoriously hard to catch in the mountains, it might take all the Italian Alpini a drowy time to foreclose on the only visible security for those loans. Albanians have accepted the modern European attitude that loans are only charity anyway. So they probably wouldnot help.

Th Duce, it is said, recently became worried at all this nonsense that the oxy bachelor European King could not have a wife. It was that at his inspire the Princess Lazed the King wes ro duced. If wasn't quite love at sright, at least they made a favorable ession on each other; it looked as if all he well at last he army was satisfy and surely a pojson of 1,100,000, lowly peasants and lords, ought to be tickled to death to their ruler had won such a prize. They should have been but they were ot. As soon as the news spread, the people expressed their sentiments and they said it, not with flowers but with bullets, as usual. Zog and his army put an end to the fireworks with customary speed and efficiency, but the Princess had heard about it and His Majesty was jilted again.

The King promised to keep an airplane in the back yard of the palace and pointed out that any time his Queen became nervous it could land her on Italian soil in half an hour. But the Princess argued that the engine might not start or there might be a fog and anyhow she did not want a throne on top of a volcano and to be so nervous that she would jump out of her Royal slippers every time somebody slammed a door.

Zog, who has the reputation of being the most shot-at man in Europe, thinks this attitude unreasonably timid. He points out that during the last decade since he ascended the throne, somebody has always been taking a pot shot at him, off and on, but never touched him.

The King, a true Mohammedan fatalist, attributes his luck to Kismet, insisting that nobody can be killed until his fated day arrives and then that nobody can save him but Allah.

Others credit his charmed life to the way he has learned to walk, a sort of jerky and irregular swagger, suggestive of the flight of a moth which causes that insect to be so hard to swat and makes it equally hard to draw a bead on His Majesty, according to Albanian methods of sharpshooting.

Mussolini seems to have agreed with the Princess. If a member of the Italian Royal House should be assassinated, Italy's prestige would suffer unless he conquered the little, barren kingdom, which would cost a lot of blood and treasure but would not be worth a stick of spaghetti when it was accomplished.

When Zog first let it be known that there was an empty throne and crown, waiting to be filled, he graciously waived the usual condition that applicants must be of Royal blood. They need not even be noble, in fact a commoner would be acceptable, making American heiresses eligible for the Regal sweepstakes.

To prove his serious intentions the King asked United States Minister Charles S. Hart for a list of American girls he could recommend, together with their latest pictures and financial condition. Mr. Hart thought he had brought with him all possible useful statistics about his country from the Steel Trust to the toothpick industry but he had forgotten to get up any list of girls qualified to make good Balkan Queens and he had to cable for the information.

Early in January, 1935, while Zog was looking over his pictures but was not in negotiation with anyone, somebody registered his disapproval of the general idea by flipping a bomb in the library window. The King, always alert and quick as a cat, was out of his chair and into the next room before the explosion occurred but some of the pictures of the leading candidates were ruined.

One of the first American ladies to learn that perhaps she might aspire successfully to Zog's bed, board and crown, was Natalie Hays Hammond, daughter of John Hays Hammond, famous mining engineer and Special Ambassador, representing President Taft at the coronation of King George V in 1911. Mr. Hammond was known to be a very wealthy man but his heiress daughter would never have anything like a million a year for the Royal Treasury. However, by that time it was realized that the King had never meant that figure seriously.

The news came out long after the bomb-throwing, but probably Miss Hammond did not know at the time that this had anything to do with her. However, she was aware that only the year before 21 persons had been hanged after an uprising which strove to make Zog marry that perennial candidate, Fatima. At any rate, Miss Hammond declined the honor.

Zog never got a chance to court the American girl but of those he did court the lovely Countess Hannah Mikes, of Hungary, was undoubtedly his first choice. She was 19 years old, pretty and with the charm that is handed down only in the finest old families of the nobility. Two of Zog's sisters met her in Budapest and were so fascinated that they felt sure she was just the Queen for their brother. They persuaded Hannah to visit Tirana and sure enough it was really and truly love at first sight—but there were difficulties.

The Countess' family are all Roman Catholics and her uncle, Count Janos Mikes, is the Bishop of Szombathely. Hannah would have to become a Moslem to be Queen of Albania where 90% of the inhabitants are of that faith. Naturally there was opposition and reluctance to make up a big enough purse to satisfy the army. However, true love probably would have overcome these obstacles if there had not been others. She found there was more truth than poetry in the classical Mohammedan's introduction of his wife.

"A little more than my dog, a little less than my horse—my wife."

She had heard that Bee Jackson, an American cabaret dancer, had slapped King Zog's Royal face at a Vienna stage-door when he invited her to visit him in Tirana, because she had heard about Albanian manhandling and the general Albanian attitude toward women.

Also she was not going to hide her beauty behind any veil and be barred from cosmetics to say nothing of having to stand for other wives. Zog promised to change all that and issued a Royal edict putting all Albanian women on a basis of equality with men, like Christians, forbidding polygamy and even the veil. Strangely enough his subjects stood for everything but the unveiling.

The edict said that every woman found guilty of wearing a veil after a certain date, was to be fined 100 Napoleons, equivalent to about $388, a staggering sum in the little kingdom that few families could have raised without selling their firearms, which would have been more shameful than selling the women themselves.

It brought down on Zog one of the worst rebellions he had ever known. He mopped it up with considerable bloodshed and thirteen hangings. But Hannah, for whom it had all been done, regretfully decided that she did not want to be Queen of a country where they take things so terribly seriously. The match was called off with the official explanation of "religious difficulties."

King Zog thinks he could straighten everything out if he could only manage to talk to his subjects, but this seems almost impossible. Most of them cannot read, and nobody has telephones, not even radios.

Lord Granville Gordon once went into the Albanian mountains on a hunting expedition, and a few days later a sword with his left ear stuck on the point was found on the British Consul's desk with a demand of $20,000 ransom, or the right ear would be sent also.

When Zog calls a mass meeting to explain things his subjects come striding down the mountains armed to the teeth and he has to go accompanied by a considerable portion of the army. The crowd, seeing the troops approaching, suspect it is an ambush and either scatter back to the mountains again or give him a battle. In either case he does not convince anybody.

The King knows that Shefkuti Bey is behind most of these objections but he never executes the old man. It would be bad politics in any country to hang the people's choice for his father-in-law.

Zog is a young, handsome, warrior-King, who did not hesitate to fight a duel with the best swordsman in Albania, and killed him, though receiving a wound that made Zog's left arm half paralyzed. When anyone says "Your Majesty" to Zog, it seems fitting because he has a majestic gait and manner born of the honest belief that he is a better man than anyone he meets. If he lived in a Western democracy he would have to wear a grin and pretend he didn't think he was any better than the rest. In Albania, a nation of fighting men, they respect a ruler who does not conceal his belief that he could kill any of them in single combat. Also there is a fire in the eye of the warrior-King, that is almost irresistible to most women.

King Zog on the Balcony of the Royal Palace at Tirana, Albania, While Guards Stand at the Door on Watch for Assassins.

His Royal Majesty Ahmed Zog, King of Albania, in Gorgeous Uniform He Designed for Himself

Countess Hannah Mikes in Hungarian Gala Costume. Her Promise to Marry Zog Was Said to Have Been Contingent on His Carrying Out a Number of Reforms in His Backward Little Kingdom—But She Changed Her Mind.

Miss Bee Jackson, American Cabaret Dancer Who Is Said to Have Slapped King Zog's Royal Face When He Invited Her to Visit Him in His Palace in Albania.

Curious Photo of Costumes of Veiled Women of Albania, Who Were Ordered to Unveil Their Faces, but It Took a New Revolution to Make Them Obey.

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Chinese City Again Safe From "Ghost Thieves"

IT was an ancient custom to kill human beings and bury them in the foundations of cathedrals, palaces and walls. This made the building more solid and durable, the belief went, because the souls of those who were buried would endow the place with eternal life.

The victims were, symbolically, "cornerstones of flesh." The fear of such anonymous burial forced on the living has gripped the popular mind for centuries.

In primitive parts of the world, memories of the fantastic custom are as vivid as ever. Human sacrifices are still made in remote regions, often without the civilized world hearing of them. But the custom itself has taken many forms, only loosely related to each other. Slaves were doomed to living burial in Egyptian pyramids in order to minister to their masters in the hereafter. Nuns were walled up in cloisters. The Great Wall of China was made impassable, many believe, because of the countless peasants who were buried in the very wall they built.

Now, from "modern" China, comes news of a reign of terror in connection with a bridge that engineers began to build last year. The plan was to build the bridge half a mile across the Siang River at Siangtan. In this section of China the belief persists that human souls must be imprisoned in each bridge pillar.

It is clear to the people that the bodies are not actually buried in such public works nowadays. What they do believe is that their souls are stolen by trickery for burial so that they will die in the course of a few hours. Thus, when the bridge engineers arrived to stir their fears, the villagers began to gather in groups and whisper about the peril that was threatening them. In no time at all the people were so jittery that they were ready to do something desperate. A few evenings later, just as the tension began to ease up, an elderly woman went out for an evening walk.

She heard footsteps behind her and turned around to see two men following her in the gathering gloom. One of them carried something that looked like a bag. The woman took it for granted that the men were "soul thieves" and tried to run. Her heart quickened in terror but her steps seemed frozen. She screamed out for help, crying that her "ghost" was being robbed. The populace came running and in a few minutes the two men were nearly beaten to death.

The Woman Really Believed the Men Were "Soul Thieves," and She Screamed Until Hysterical Villagers Rescued Her. Later, Such Suspects Were Actually Murdered.

The local police arrived in time to drag the battered men to the safety of prison, and there it turned out that they were innocent fishermen carrying home the day's catch.

But the scare had succeeded in putting everybody into a dangerous mood. A group of the villagers banded together to protect their wives and children. These vigilantes set up night patrols and, carried away by mob hysteria, murdered any night prowler who had a bundle or a candle. As a result, strangers and even local people anywhere in a radius of twenty-five miles of the new bridge were set upon and beaten by the angry peasants.

At least fifty people have been reported killed or fatally injured as a result of these clashes. In addition, the conflicts have caused a great number of less serious injuries. Among those murdered were Chinese wanderers who passed through the Siangtan area unaware of the panic that had struck the people there. At least one citizen was only carrying candles to his place of worship; others were sick beggars roaming at night for scraps of their neighbors' food.

But why were candles and sack-cloth such a reason for fear on the part of the citizens? Siangtan shopkeepers insist that the bridge builders sent out agents with brown burlap bags and candles to gather souls." This was described as being done in the following manner:

The soul-thieves, it was asserted, make it their practise to stand in front of houses picked at random, open the bag wide, light the candle, and shout out the name of the inhabitant of the house. If the person inside answers and the candle goes out, the victim whose name has been called is supposed to be as good as dead—his soul is "in the bag." The next morning, goes the belief, the body in the house is found lifeless.

That happened several times, responsible people of Siangtan assert, seeming to forget that a certain number of people may be expected to die at home in the normal course of events. Only if the victim does not answer is he sure of being saved from death. Many are sure they heard such shouts, saw candle light outside, and credit the fact that they are still alive to their refusal to answer the calls.

But just as things were getting out of control altogether, the tide of feeling turned.

The bridge is finished. Everybody knows that no more souls will be needed, and so there is no longer any danger of the bridge being wrecked by an angry mob. At one point it seemed as if further riots would cause the entire community to be wiped out. The bridge construction actually considered abandoning the project, and it is said that only the insistence of officials in the province kept the men at work. The completion comes hardly too soon. The "ghost scare" caused even crops to be neglected, and there is still danger of a famine as a result. Now that the terror is over, an investigation has been ordered. But it is too late to save the lives that have been lost.

Why You're Likely To Get Into Trouble During Vacation

MOST of us when we get those precious two weeks of the year free regard them as the one opportunity to do everything we've missed during the other fifty weeks. For just this reason vacation accidents are more frequent. We do unusual things which we are neither skilled in nor accustomed to doing. Consequences are disastrous in many cases, as statistics show.

According to figures, more accidents occur during the month of July, almost 17 per cent more, than any other time of the year. This is probably when summer and the desire to get away strike the hardest. Surprising as it may seem, the great American game of baseball is responsible for more injuries than any other spring and summer sport, including swimming and boating.

During the five-year period from 1930 to 1935, one insurance company paid 2,042 accident policyholders over $150,000 for baseball mishaps, but it paid considerably more on hunting, golf and drowning accidents. These are typical of the mishaps reported: A Nebraska attorney was sliding to first base; he slipped and fractured both ankles. He was paid $564. Mr. X of Connecticut slipped and displaced a cartilage of the right knee while playing golf; he received $668. More people play baseball in this country than any other game, and while resulting accidents are frequent they are usually less serious than those caused by other sports.

One of the Typical Vacation Hazards Is Demonstrated Whenever the City Golfer Stumbles Into Bees' Nests While Looking for Lost Balls. City People Are Usually Helpless in Such Outdoor Emergencies.

The golfer gets into difficulty when he stumbles into bees' nests while looking for lost balls; suffers from an interrupted swing; swats himself in the head with his club when he gets too enthusiastic and occasionally falls into a water hazard without knowing how to swim out of it.

The city dweller has more accidents when he gets into the woods and open country than he does if he stays on the highways. Usually he is inexperienced in woodcraft; dresses improperly, particularly his feet, and overtaxes his strength. Women are even greater offenders than men in the matter of wearing thin, inadequate shoes for mountain climbing and the woods, but they conserve their strength more than men and are less likely to "show off" their power and endurance.

With the growing popularity of the trailer, it is increasingly important that an entire family be able to recognize poison ivy, toadstools and other poisonous fungi, when they run into them. Many deaths occur annually when the latter plants are mistaken for the common mushroom.

The average city dweller who buys a trailer and makes for the wide open spaces has nothing more than theoretical knowledge of how to handle his tools, including the trailer. On the highway he constitutes a definite hazard whether it's a boat he's dragging behind him or a bungalow. When he stops to camp, he is surrounded by a host of hazards to himself as well as his passengers. For instance, he may have been raised on a farm in his youth, but years behind a desk in the city dulls not only his memory of the proper "chopping technique" without losing a toe or finger, but also his skill and precision. He often forgets that knives and axes should be sheathed, guns for target practice kept unloaded, and if loaded for any reason, kept out of cars and away from children. He should not only know how to take care of his tools, but also how to use them. One accident was reported of a marksman missing his tin can target: the shot glanced off a tree, and hit another hunter in the nose. If he has to transport fuel from his car for a possible portable cook stove, he should keep cigarettes out of the way, and be firm in seeing that the task is not delegated to children.

The man with the trailer meets water hazards more dangerous than those encountered on public, supervised beaches. Swimming in unfamiliar waters and diving into rock strewn river beds result in numerous deaths and serious accidents every year. Then too, extremely cold, fresh water is more likely to cause cramps. The best procedure when so attacked, if a leg for instance, gets knotted up, is to try to force it straight, no matter how much it pains to do so. The inland tourist has to watch for polluted waters, as far as both swimming and drinking are concerned. Rivers in particular may be the receptors of all kinds of waste from nearby homes and factories unknown to the traveler.

Snake bites also take their toll each year. Serious consequences can usually be avoided by proper and immediate application of first aid. For short trips, practically all that's necessary can be carried in a small kit obtainable in any drug store. But the kit is of little value unless the traveler knows how to use it.

Fishing, a comparatively calm sport, often results in infection from getting artificial lures, fish fins and hooks stuck in fingers; from drowning; slipping on moss-covered rocks; and occasionally getting pulled into the water by the fish.

While it may be the object of a vacation in the country to rough it as much as possible, it should be done with the greatest comfort possible. This means sufficient mosquito netting for sleeping, rain coats, regular eating of thoroughly cooked food, and eating lightly unless one gets enough exercise to digest quantities of food. The experienced camper never takes chances.

In the East, the average office worker's greatest hazard is overexposure to the sun. He tries to get a coating of tan in a week or two that requires an entire season with the result that he is often laid up for weeks after he should have returned to the job. Burns to the feet and insteps in particular are most dangerous and as painful and severe as any type of second degree burn. While sunburn oils are of some use, the best preventive measure is moderation in length of exposure periods in order to let the skin get pigmented slowly.

According to statistics from a survey of New York City's beaches one summer, most accidents occurred between two and four in the afternoon, were caused for the most part by running on glass, stones, shells and other sharp objects in littered places, and were sustained by either the head and neck or the feet. The largest single cause of injury was attributed to carelessness.

Lightning in 1935 was responsible for 562 deaths, 160 happened in July and 262 in the three months from June through August. A great many fatalities occur when those caught in a storm and especially golfers, take shelter under a tree or a shed.

Traffic accidents are on the increase from July through November till the football season is over and fewer cars are on the highways. The summer brings out on the road a number of people who have done little driving during other parts of the year, especially fast, cross-country driving, and they constitute almost as much of a menace as the doddling "Sunday" driver. Pedestrians in rural areas, walking on the right side of the roads, have an alarming number of accidents and fatalities. This is because country highways are often inadequately lighted, have no sidewalks, are narrow, yet subject to high speed because of comparative freedom from traffic. It is a much safer practice day or night, to walk on the left side of the road.

The rabbit, says a certain well-known authority is the only animal that can see behind its ears, yet you find it dead on western highways when it tries to beat the motor car.

Absent-mindedness is said to have caused more than 5000 cases of collisions in one state.

Of course one doesn't really have to leave home to run into all kinds of hazards. So don't let the possibility of lurking hazards keep you from having a pleasant vacation.

Honey The Answer To Hay Fever Sneezers?

ONE way to cure hay fever is by eating honey, according to a recent medical announcement. This prescription of "folk medicine" is now being endorsed by science as a result of experimental studies carried on last year at William Beaumont General Hospital in El Paso, Texas.

Official acknowledgement of the "bee cure" was made by Captain George D. McGrew of the Army Medical Corps and published recently in The Military Surgeon. In view of the widespread suffering every year from catarrhal infection, the report urges experiments throughout the country to make certain of what seems to be a universal cure. It is possible, however, that the cure does not apply to any kind of pollen in any part of the nation.

What happened was that an epidemic of hay fever developed in El Paso as the pollen season progressed from March to its peak in August. As a result there was a public campaign against the weeds into which army authorities were soon drawn. The military personnel stationed in the afflicted area took a personal interest in the campaign because many of its men were among those stricken.

Attention was drawn to the existence of home remedies in use among some of the citizens in this connection. It was found that a considerable number of individuals get relief from hay fever by eating honey produced in the region. Particularly from chewing the comb wax, went the report, was comfort secured.

Instead of ridiculing this as they might easily have done, the staff studied the efficacy of the cure and then went still further. It found out why honey is good for hay fever, and again proved what a fine medical cabinet Nature is.

The honey and wax is an extraction of pollen, since the bee takes its material for honey from the fields. By chewing wax or eating honey a person can counteract the effect of the pollen which has been irritating the eyes and the air passages in this way.

When one chews wax or eats honey, there is an oral extraction of the pollen. In this way, by taking gradual doses of the pollen extract in honey, the patient builds up a resistance to the very thing for which he has an intolerance.

Many Military Men Were Stricken With Hay Fever and So Their Interest Was Aroused in the Local and Effective Custom of Using Honey as a Cure.

Since the cause is also the cure, when taken through the medium of honey or wax, it seems plain that the future is bright for hay fever sufferers. The natural cure is almost ideal, because it need not be injected painfully and with instruments, but can be taken by way of mouth.

The medical men have in fact taken a lesson from the bee, and have made a series of successful experiments, in which extracts of pollen are drunk down. This brought partial or complete relief to thirty-three sufferers on whom it was tried.

According to a foreword by Seymour C. Schwartz, who is a Medical Corps Major, "the marked and almost sensational relief which we have seen following oral treatment is something that cannot be ignored. The cure of sufferers from Bermuda grass pollen sensitivity suggests that hay fever and asthma due to any of the grasses in any locality can be treated successfully by this method."

But, of course, "the common ragweed of the eastern half of the United States is not present in West Texas and we are unable to obtain any information as to the efficacy of the oral treatment method in ragweed sensitive cases in this locality."

And it is ragweed pollen that "constitutes one of the chief offenders in the East and Middlewest." Therefore, experiments in the oral treatment of hay fever and asthma due to the pollens of the common ragweed species would appear to be particularly worth while."

Because the hay fever season is back again the army officials believe it would be a good idea to have army hospital and dispensary treatment of hay fever by oral methods carried out in various parts of the country.

Apparently, just as the "busy bee has no time for sorrow," according to the British poet William Blake, its product again proves it can alleviate sorrow in others. Ended grief from hay fever is hardly the first medical triumph of honey. It has already proved its usefulness as a soothing application relieving dryness of the mouth, sore throats, and so on. It is used in poultices for boils and carbuncles, and has unexpected uses beyond mere nourishment, such as that it acts as a laxative.

Regarding methods for combatting hay fever by way of the mouth, Captain McGrew is cautious in his conclusions. "Much more work must be done," it appears, "and the results obtained in many cases detailed carefully before conclusive evidence proving or disproving the value of the oral pollen extract method for the treatment of hay fever can be brought forth."

"Our results have encouraged us to believe that it deserves a thorough trial throughout the army as it is simple, can be used where the injection method has failed, represents a real saving in expensive material, and avoids many unpleasant results of methods now in use. All of this, in addition to the hope of more cases in which relief from hay fever symptoms may become permanent with treatment over a period of several years."

If the cure is universal at least three million victims of hay fever will benefit in this country alone. In the East, the ragweed variety of hay fever lasts from August until October.

The Only Animal That Can Run Both Ways

NATURE often gets itself into difficulties that it takes all kinds of ingenuity to get out of. One of the most remarkable examples of this perversity of nature is the insect called Embia, a number of which have recently been found by Lawrence W. Saylor of the University of California.

Not even half an inch long, the creature lives in tunnels or tubular highways. These passages are silk-lined out of filaments spun from glands on their legs. This is done because the insect is so delicate that its body dries and cracks in contact with the outer air. It has to live in moisture.

In order to get anywhere the weird animal has to go through routes which it builds itself. When disturbed, it can make rapid time along its runway, but is easily caught because the webbing is transparent and it is possible for enemies to see just where the creature is going.

One way for it to defeat capture is to go back to where it came when it can no longer move forward. The Embiid can run backwards just as well as it can forwards. It even seems to favor the rear method of transportation because this is used the most. That is to say, the insect even enters its tunnel in reverse.

It is to be expected that the Embiid should often use its peculiar mode of motion; it's the only reversible animal known. The reason for the fantastic ability to shift insect gears is the tight-fitting nature of the silk tunnel in which the Embiid moves. There isn't room enough to turn around, and so the insect does the only thing it can to get back where it started from; it sends its legs whirling in the opposite direction.

For short periods of time the insects are able to leave their tunnels, but they cannot endure the exposure for long stretches. Some build their webbing in closely packed grass roots just above the ground or on the soil's surface. But they can often be found under small stones. In fact, so long as they stay out of the luxurious tubes and live under logs, chips and stones on the ground they are difficult to find, because of their dull brownish coloring. Despite their protective coloring, however, they prefer to be exposed against their brilliant webs. Many are found in their tubings, but more are at the entrance.

Thus it can be truly said that by their voluptuous living and their unwillingness to leave their silken paths they are preparing the way for their own destruction. These Embiids, which have now been offered to American collectors by the Ward's Natural Science Establishment of Rochester, New York, are also being studied at the University of California with an eye to explaining away some of their mystery.

They look like termites, and may have been related to them in prehistoric times. But although they have grown to be much larger than termites, they are harmless. In fact, they are believed to play a fairly useful role as scavengers to clean up bits of decaying vegetation.

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Puzzle-Pictures by a Weird Old Master

Discovery of the Long-Lost "Mandragora Man" Revives Interest in the Curious Art of a Genius Who Painted Fantastic Portraits to Amuse a Half-Crazy Emperor

Maybe YOU Can Pick Out the Various Creatures and Objects He Used to Build Up His Sardonic Faces of Men and Women

The Woman with a Cucumber Nose and a Pear Chin and the Back of Her Head a Cabbage—Probably a Slap at Her Stupidity. One of the Old Genius's Puzzle-Pictures.

The "Fish-Man," the Most Complex and Puzzling of the Arcimboldo Portraits. How Many Fish and Other Marine Creatures Did He Use and What Do They Represent? No Reward Whatever for Answers, Correct or Otherwise

The "Mandragora Man" Recently Discovered in a Dusty Paris Antique Shop and Supposed to Be a Known but Long-Lost Work of the Weird Old Master.

PARIS.

WHAT is believed by many European experts to be the long-lost "Mandragora Man" of the Sixteenth Century artist Giuseppe Arcimboldo, was recently discovered in an antique shop on a remote Montmartre alleyway. If so, it is one of a series which the Italian genius painted to amuse his patron, the half-crazy Emperor Rudolph II of Austria, and one of the most important artistic recoveries of a generation.

The series were the first "puzzle-pictures" and in a way the earliest Surrealist paintings. Arcimboldo did not paint his faces with skin and hair and bone, but built them up of scores of fish or other water creatures, animals, fruits, flowers or any other objects that struck his fancy. The head of the "Mandragora Man" is made up of roots of various kinds, but mainly of the mandragora, or mandrake root, long an object of superstitious legend and mentioned as far back as the Book of Genesis in the Bible.

The Emperor Rudolph would spend hours studying the fantastic creations, counting and trying to identify the various creatures or objects used by the painter, trying, too, to guess whom the portrait represented. If anyone thinks this counting and identifying easy, carefully go over the painting of the "Fish-man" with somebody else and then compare results.

Arcimboldo is known to have painted a couple of dozen of these weird canvases, but not many of them have survived. Or if they still exist, it is probably in some dusty corner such as that in which the "Mandragora Man" was found, and where nobody knows its value.

Arcimboldo was born in Milan, Italy, and died there, but he spent the greater part of his life in Vienna at the court of the Emperor Maximilian II and later of the Emperor Rudolph. He was born in 1533 and died in 1593, and what remains of his work is in the museums of Vienna and of Graz, Austria. He was at the beginning of the end of that great era of painting which produced Michelangelo, Titian, Raphael and Leonardo Da Vinci, the Renaissance. He was one of the leaders in that artistic decadence which came with the general decline in the power and wealth of Italy at that time, and the decay of the great Italian courts. That he had to look for his bread and wine in a foreign country indicates how the Doges of Venice, the Dukes of Tuscany, the Kings of Sicily and others were beginning to cut their budgets.

Arcimboldo had much in common with the present day surrealists and has, in fact, been called "the surrealist of the Renaissance." A finished artist, a superb colorist, he turned his genius toward the fantastic. He was a symbolist, and his portraits were far more than a haphazard massing of the various creatures and objects he used in building them up. He would be much better understood if it were known whom they were meant to portray.

Who was the man he saw as a conglomeration of animals? Who the "fish man"? Who was the woman he painted with a cucumber nose and head of cabbage for the back of her head?

And the "Mandragora Man" is more than a curious picture of a head and face made of roots. The mandragora, or mandrake, has long held an evil reputation. Thus its use in this portrait may have been Arcimboldo's way of hinting to his illustrious patron that the man he had in mind was of a poisonous and evil character.

During this period of decadence in art Arcimboldo did not stand alone in fantasy. Indeed, so eccentric did art become that, for example, Scarlatti and Gasparini, the 18th Century composers, wrote letters to each other using musical notations instead of words to express their meanings. Another Italian composer, Pasquale Anfossi, was able to write good music only when he was surrounded by hot fowls and Bologna sausages.

Arcimboldo went this artist one better in his "animal-head". He did not surround himself with meat, but put it into his picture. In fact, he put so much in of the beast that it is difficult to see the man. Close scrutiny reveals that the elephant's ear is the man's ear, that the black mouth of the fox is the right of the elephant is the man's eye, and that the same fox's body serves as the man's cheek. The rabbit to the right of the man's eye forms his nose. Once one locates the eye, the balance of the face takes ready form.

There is only one of these curious paintings representing a woman. This has been called "Summer," although the painter probably had some entirely different meaning in mind. Whoever she was, he gave her liberally "apple cheeks" and a pear chin. Her nose is a cucumber—perhaps a subtle insult.

The "Animal Man," Another of Arcimboldo's Fantastic Portraits.

The cabbage which is the back of her head probably is the painter's way of saying she was very dumb. With these clues, go ahead and study the picture and figure out what the rest of her is made of.

Unfortunately, the picture of the woman with the cucumber nose is one of the few that carries a name and a date. Along the collar is clearly lettered Giuseppe Arcimboldo's name, and on her shoulder is the date, 1563. He was only thirty years old, in other words, at the time he produced this portrait.

It can be seen, however, that for Arcimboldo maturity meant ever greater intricacy of composition. The "Fish-man" was done at the height of the old master's strange ability to make unexpected use of natural things. It is interesting to speculate what the butts of these pictures thought about them. It must have taken a good deal of self-control to smile at the pictures when the eccentric Emperor showed them off to his friends.

In the intrigue of court life it was entirely possible that the shoe seemed to fit more than one person, even those for whom it was not intended. Court life was regarded by many of those who took part in it as a slimy business, and so the "Fish-man" must have had characteristics which many thought they recognized as their own. It was the difficult position of suspecting an affront and not being able to fight back because indignation at a satirical but unidentified portrait would be taken as a sign of guilt.

What nail biting and handkerchief tearing must have been inspired too among the women at the sight of the sardonic picture of the cabbage-headed member of their sex. But it all had to be taken quietly with an outward show of amusement.

The fish face is just as replete with sea denizens as the sea itself, and not less is the foreal represented in the animal man. Somehow there seems to be less antagonism toward the beastly face in the mind of the artist than toward any other. There is a certain gracefulness to the composition, and the result is not so much a brutal appearance as a nobility of nature, somewhat gross it is true, but nonetheless warm-blooded and substantial.

It has even been suggested that the "animal head" is a self-portrait by the artist, into which he tried to put as much satire as in the rest, but toward which he could not help having an inner sympathy. This sympathy reflects itself in little touches that one cannot help noticing.

But one thing remains certain and that is that, in Arcimboldo's pictures, things are not always what they seem. A heap of fish turns out to be a man with a fishy stare. Instead of being like the mermaid, half-fish, here is a man who is altogether piscatory, yet just as clearly a man.

And provided one half-closes one's eyes, it is possible to discover in the jumble of animals at the bottom of the page a face so real that it can be said to have a haunting quality.

But the "Mandragora Man," with its menacing mouth, is perhaps the most gripping of all. His hollow-eyed stare makes him somebody plainly to be distrusted. Why did Arcimboldo want to warn the Emperor of this man? Provoking, of course, that the face of roots was done by Arcimboldo at all.

There is no date and no signature to identify the picture. The only way the experts can place it is by the technique, and this is not so easy as it might seem. The reason is that every master tends to be imitated, and in addition it often happens that the same kind of pictures are made by different artists who never heard of each other.

Thus it is that the expert who stumbled into the discovery which so identified as the work of Arcimboldo has found considerable opposition.

A controversy has already begun over the new picture. Some experts think it more likely the work of Jerom Bosch, a Fifteenth Century member of the Flemish school, who did grotesque paintings of the common people and historical subjects. His work, like Arcimboldo's, shows color brilliancy and delicacy of execution. He was a satirist also far in advance of his time, and put bizarre effects even into religious paintings.

The adherents of Bosch assert that only he could combine such striking imagination with such perfect execution as appears in the "Mandragora Man." It will probably be a long time before the argument is settled for all time.

What is proper for one generation may be meat for another, and as Arcimboldo's work stands out in modern times because so much modern art has something in common with it. Still, it ought be remembered that he did this kind of work for Rudolph II because the Emperor was a little crazy. The dealer in the little Paris antique shop who sold the "Mandragora Man" probably thinks the man who paid the price of a few bottles of wine for it was a little crazy, too.

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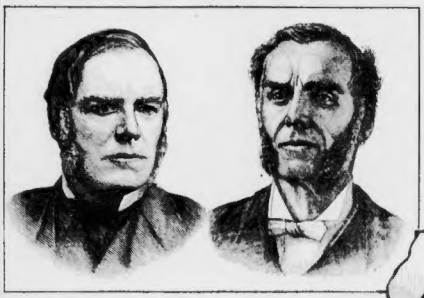
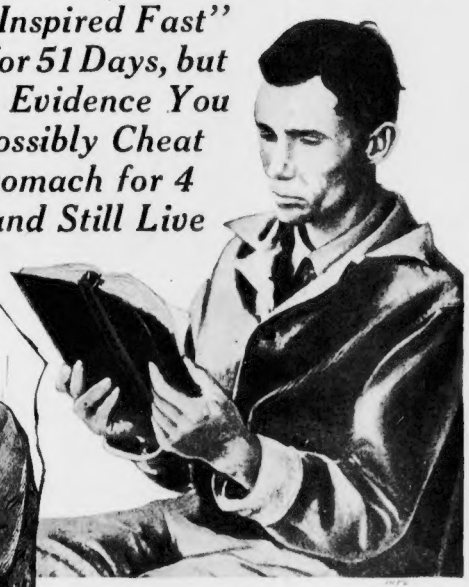


Interesting Old Pictures of the Famous Dr. H. S. Tanner, Who Startled the Country Back in 1880 by Declaring He Could Live 40 Days Without Food, but Reconsidered the Matter After 14 Days.—Remarkable Facial Effects of His Fast.



Mountaineer Jackson Whitlow, of Stooping Oak, Tenn., Reading the Bible and "Waiting the Lord's Word" to Terminate His Almost Two-Month Fast.

A FEW weeks ago Jackson Whitlow, Tennessee mountaineer, received what he said was orders from Jehovah not to eat anything until further orders. He proceeded to obey. For 51 days he apparently ate nothing at all and drank nothing except water. On the 51st day, having received the expected Divine message to break his fast, he took a little homemade wine. The next day he ate some squirrel soup and was on his way back to normal eating habits.

Since Whitlow was inspired to this fast by religious motives, however mistaken these may have been, there is no reason to doubt his good faith or that he really did go completely without eating for 51 days. Yet this is by no means the longest fast on record or even the longest one proved by satisfactory evidence.

Instead of needing the usual three meals a day to keep alive, human beings evidently can get along, if necessary, on a meal or two a week and can do without any meals at all, in favorable instances, for perhaps as long as four months.

From India comes one recent record of a fast of 132 days, also undertaken for religious motives and apparently quite honest.

During the strenuous times of the Irish Revolution, Terence MacSwiney and Joseph Murphy went on hunger strikes in the Dublin jail and survived for 76 days and 74 days, respectively, apparently with no food at all. Ultimately both of them died.

Only a few days ago Theodore Neuffer, of Gallitzin, Pennsylvania, was added to the list of those who have died from fasting. After going only 18 days without food, Neuffer died.

Mr. Neuffer neglected to consider, when he started his last fast, that he was 84 years old and he couldn't stand the strain.

But if records be limited to fasters who lived and recovered, there still are a number of instances which exceed Mr. Whitlow's 51-day exploit. Recently, in Russia, a medical volunteer fasted for 60 days, not for any motive so impelling as religion but merely to provide the medical profession with useful biological information.

Mere listing of recorded instances of long fasts, without the strict scientific skepticism on which modern students insist, would provide still greater marvels. A man named Hermolus is reputed to have lived for 40 years on the smell of flowers and the assistance of the saints without taking a morsel of food. In the year 1596 a young girl named Eva Flieger quit eating, so reports claim, and took no more food for 16 years although remaining in perfect health and strength.

In 1866 Miss Mary J. Fancher, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who was believed to be gifted with "second-sight," began a fast which is supposed to have lasted for thirteen years. A New York magazine of 1880 reported on this fast which was said not to have affected the woman's health at all, though she remained in bed and greeted astonished visitors. Clergymen, physicians and many famous figures visited her, but there is still room for serious doubt about whether she really abstained from nourishment. Miss Fancher had kept to her bed long months before the fast due to a series of accidents that necessitated her remaining in hospital. It was then that she went, it was stated, into a trance which lasted three days after which, according to the story, no food could pass down her throat.

Concerning these reports, modern science is worse than skeptical, it is completely horrendous. Many other instances of fasting girls are reported in medical literature. All of them, which have been investigated thoroughly by qualified medical experts, have proved to be cases of the mental disorder called hysteria. In all such cases the person supposed to be fasting really was slyly getting a little food now and then.

One famous instance was Ann Moore the Staffordshire Wonder, reputed in 1807 to have gone without food for more than two years. London medical men were interested and proposed a test, to which Ann assented. The first test, lasting 13 days, was successful but the physician critics were not satisfied. Another test was proposed, under more stringent conditions of supervision.

Ann didn't dare refuse, but this time the precautions taken by the medical observers seem to have been more adequate. After nine days of a real fast she gave up and confessed that on previous fasts she had been supplied all the time with smuggled food.

About the 132-day fast, carried out in India last year by a member of the Jain religious sect named Muni Shri Mandaji, there is less skepticism, although neither is there any really scientific proof. The venerable faster was not kept away from food artificially or observed by a physician during his starving. Desiring to impress on his co-religionists the need of composing certain differences and uniting in a single church and belief, the saint in question certainly ate no food in public and presumably none in private during this period.

The Mahatma Gandhi, India's intellectual leader, is another habitual faster. His abstinence from food is usually motivated by a desire to protest some policy of Great Britain's rule of his country. Due to his advanced age, the Mahatma, however, is usually very careful about his hunger strikes and they seldom last more than three weeks.

Parisian medical journals in 1828 reported the best longest fast on record with any credibility at all—that of a young girl suffering from typhoid fever who was believed to have taken no food for 120 days. Skeptics point out, however, that medical science in 1828 was neither so advanced as at present nor so credulous of marvels, and that attendance on patients in the Paris hospitals at that time was by no means continuous enough to prevent food having been eaten surreptitiously.

In 1852 a Dr. Pierce reported, in the American Journal of Medical Science, the third perhaps authentic record of a long fast, that of a young woman supposed to have gone entirely without eating for 91 days. It still is possible, however, to imagine that Dr. Pierce allowed himself to be deceived.

Next come the cases of Terence MacSwiney and Joseph Murphy in the Dublin jail in 1920. Since these two men had announced their intention of starving themselves to death for patriotic reasons, and since both of them actually did starve to death, it is unlikely that they broke fast in secret and thus destroyed the medical value of the records.

Medical men may be inclined to accept as the longest fasting record one in which the faster recovered instead of dying. Even this does not give the record Mr. Whitlow the palm, for there is a reasonably well-attested record of a girl patient in a hospital at Passaic, New Jersey, in 1911, who is believed to have taken no food at all for 65 days. Perhaps the only feature of this case that is doubtful is that the faster was a young girl of the same over-nervous group that has made so much trouble for the doctors by faking fasts that really were not complete. Hospital authorities believed, however, that this Passaic case was real.

Another 65-day fast with recovery is credited to a man named Marion Crabtree of Savanna, Illinois, also in 1911. An interesting feature is that Mr. Crabtree was reputed to be 101 years old at the time, which inclines medical men to think better of this record rather than worse. It is known that very old people need much less energy than younger ones, and accordingly would be the best people of all to survive long fasts in spite of the weakness and infirmity that old age is supposed to bring.

In 1925, when three amateur explorers of an abandoned Nova Scotia gold mine were trapped underground and rescued only after ten days of the hardest possible work by mining crews and special apparatus mobilized from all over Canada by the Dominion Government, the one of the three who stood the ordeal best was the oldest, and also the fattest. Never were these three men, however, within reach of the fasting record, since they were without food only for six days.

A considerable number of records exist of fasts lasting between 45 and 58 days, most of them resulting in death and the few others somewhat doubtful according to modern standards of medical criticism. There is, however, a Toronto hospital record of a health faddist named Peter Henderson said to have gone entirely without eating for 52 days early in 1928 and for 55 days later in the year, trying to cure his indigestion. At the end of his second fast he landed in the hospital.

Twice in the past century there have broken out in the world veritable epidemics of professional fasters, exhibiting themselves in glass cases or in some other way so that people could pay for admission to see them. None of these gentry seems to have equaled, for pecuniary motives, Mr. Whitlow's record for religious ones. The longest exhibition fast on record being that of an Italian named Merlatti, in Paris, in 1886. This ran to 50 days, but there always has been considerable uncertainty that Merlatti went completely without eating. However this may be, he certainly started the first epidemic of seekers after the world record for the longest fast, an epidemic that lasted until 1890.

After Merlatti came an individual named Jacques, who first fasted for 30 days, then for 42 days and finally, in 1890, for a total of 50 days, the same record as Merlatti. The impressiveness of the Jacques fasts is considerably reduced, however, by the record that he took once or twice a day a little herb powder prepared by himself and which was supposed to keep up his strength.

Albert Wolly, an English professional faster, some years ago started a 30-day abstinence in a glass cage, but on the fourth day a girl spectator ate, just to stare at him. She was eating a chocolate eclair. Wolly couldn't stand the sight and leaped from the cage and called for food.

Most famous of the professional fasters in the 1886 to 1890 period was an Italian named Succi, who began with a 21-day exhibition fast in Paris, afterward fasted for 31 and 28 days on other occasions and finally capped his career by a 40-day exhibition fast at Koster and Bials' Music Hall in New York.

Last of the 1890 fasters was the American Dr. Tanner, who got $1,000 for an exhibition fast in 1890 and attracted much publicity, but whose fast lasted only for 40 days, when bodily weakness compelled him to give up.

With Dr. Tanner, professional fasting seemed to have ceased until 1926, when it was revived in Berlin by a German named Herr Jolly, who, on a bet in a glass case, lived on it for 44 days and claimed that he had taken no food at all and nothing else except a little water and plenty of cigarettes. Unfortunately, Herr Jolly was arrested on leaving his voluntary imprisonment by police officers who alleged that some of the cigarettes which he insisted on not giving up had been of chocolate instead of tobacco.

Whether this charge was true or false, Herr Jolly's 44-day record was not long allowed to stand. Two other men promptly offered themselves in a Berlin cafe-restaurant for a fast in company. Their names were Otto Klein and Max Kramer. No fraud was proved and they succeeded in fasting, if their claims were correct, for 45 days.

Finally, a Hopi Indian individual, Herr Adolph Gruckman, staged a similar exhibition fast and lasted for 46 days, longest of the 1926 competitors and within four days of the Merlatti record of 1886.

One aftermath of the 1926 fasting epidemic was the development of a cult of partial fasting for the sake of health. In that same year an aristocratic Englishwoman, Lady Fisher, wife of the then First Lord of the British Admiralty or Navy Department, attracted much newspaper attention for a supposed long fast at which the British health-cult resorts. It developed, however, that the practitioners of this particular cult merely refrained from solid food, taking plenty of fruit juices of various kinds.

A similar experience was that of Frank Trummer, would-be hunger striker last year in the jail at Sidney, Iowa, in protest at what he deemed unjust arrest. After 27 days of hunger strike, Frank had gained two pounds and went home in disgust. An unusually resourceful sheriff had persuaded his recalcitrant prisoner to drink some tea each day, and had slipped a couple of spoonfuls of highly nutritious corn syrup into each cup.

All such mistakes and all frauds aside, there is no doubt that selected human beings can go without any food at all for as long as 50 or 51 days.

It is probable that much longer fasts are possible under exceptionally favorable circumstances, such as complete absence of bodily activity, tranquil mind and probably a fairly old age for the experimenter.

Quaint Illustration in a New York Magazine of 1880 Representing a Sympathetic Visitor to Miss Mary J. Fancher, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Who Was Supposed to Have Lived Practically Without Eating For 13 Years—But Almost Certainly Did Not. The Caption Under the Drawing Reads: "Modern Miracle—A Young Lady Who Lives Without Eating and Displays Wonderful Powers of Second-Sight."

Mahatma Gandhi, the Indian Intellectual, Whose Fasting Is Usually a Seven-day Event. He Is Shown Here Breaking His Longest Fast, Which Lasted 21 Days.

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Capitol Furniture Co., 188 Friend St.
Cooper Electric Supply Co., 1109 Washington St.
Dewey Radio, 160 Summer St.
Edward C. Dimock, 216 Franklin St.
Eagle Electric & Supply Co., Inc., 142 Friend St.
Electric Center, 11 School St.
I. Goodman, Washington St.
Harold's Radio Shop, 56 Brattle St.
Holmes Luce Co., 68 Hanover St.
Jordan Marsh Co., Washington St.
A. Marks & Co., 77 Summer St.
N. E. Cycle & Radio Co., 16 Stuart St., 80 Brattle St., 68 Stuart St.
Nutter & Cross, Wa Mills St.
R. E. Z. Co., 52 Stuart St.
Rogers Jewelry Co., 42 Winter St.
Seldon Radio Co., 264 Brattle St., South End Electric Co., 1021 Tremont St.
Summerfield Co., 707 Washington St.
Terminal Supply Co., 600 Washington St.
United Electric Co., 92 High St.
Washington Jewelry Co., 365 Washington St.
R. H. White Co., Washington St.
World Radio, 82 Summer St.

ALLSTON
New England Elec. Laboratories, 122 Brighton Ave.

AMESBURY—Radio Service Laboratory, 5 Water St.

AMHERST—H. E. Davis' Motor Plumbing & Htg. Co.

ARLINGTON—Avery Radio Co., 1202 Mass. Ave.
Kemp Radio Sales & Service, 727 Mass. Ave.

ATHOL—Pioneer Furniture Co., 81 Exchange St.

ATTLEBORO
World Radio Sales Agency, 34 Main St.

AYER—The Radio & Sound Service, Harvard Rd.

BEVERLY
Almy's Bigelow & Washburn
World Radio Sales Agency, 195 Rantoul St.
Ye Brattle Shoppe, 288 Cabot St.

BROCKTON—Noonan Bros., 76 Allen St.
Rogers Jewelry Co., 181 Main St.
World Radio Sales Agency, 53 Legion Parkway

BROOKLINE
Berman Heath & Appliance, 1108A Beacon St.
M. R. Wade Co., 81 Washington St.

CAMBRIDGE—Bernice Radio Co., Mass. Ave.
E. M. Y. Electric Co., 482 Mass. Ave.
Grossman Furniture Co., 1116 Cambridge St.
Hershon Radio, 412 Mass. Ave.
Rogers Jewelry Co., 561 Mass. Ave.

CHELMSFORD—Home Service Shop, Central St.

CHELSEA—Gilman Radio, 69 Washington St.
Milley Radio & Htg., 315 Broadway
Seeley's Radio Shop, Broadway

CHESTER—A. Dori

CLINTON—World Radio Sales Agency, 305 High St.

DANVERS—Danvers Hardware Co., 63-65 Maple St.

DORCHESTER—Freeman Furniture Co., 764 Dorchester St.
Garfinkle Furniture Co., 661-663 Washington St.
Lane Radio & Refrig., 486 Washington St.
The Radio Shop, 749 Washington St.

EAST BOSTON—Maverick Radio, 63 Maverick Sq.

EASTHAMPTON—Clark Motor Co., 32 Union St.

EVERETT—Carpenter Furniture Co., 166 School St.
Bennett's Furniture Co., 165 Ferry St.

FITCHBURG—W. E. Auburton Co., 75 Fairmont St.
Central Hardware Co., Main St.
Parke-Snow Co.
World Sales Agency, 791 Main St.

FRAMINGHAM—C. W. Hansen Co., 32 Union Ave.
George T. Stevens Co., Irving St.

FRANKLIN—Walton Radio Co., 2 Main St.

GARDNER—Berlo Bros., 98 West St.
Bissell Radio Shop, 66 Parker St.

GLOUCESTER—Merchant's Radio Shop, 81 Main St.
World Radio Sales Agency, 113 Main St.

GREENFIELD—Appliance Sales Co., Federal St.

GROTON—Farwell Radio-Television

HAVERHILL—Gerson Furniture Co., 181 Washington St.
Standard Sales & Service, 25 Emerson St.
World Radio Sales Agency, 52 Main St.

HINGHAM—Driscoll Radio, 51 South St.

HOLYOKE—Mckean Bros., 386 Main St.
Nowak Radio & Elec. Co., 366 High St.
Steigen's Dept.

HOPEDALE—Mendon Hill Radio, 58 Hill St.

HYDE PARK—Simons Tire & Radio Shop, 1261 Hyde Park Ave.

IPSWICH—World Radio Sales Agency, 36 Market St.

JAMAICA PLAIN—S. G. Ryan Co., 605 Centre St.

LAWRENCE—Al's Radio & Appliance, 55 Broadway
Collin's Electric Store, 284 S. Union St.
Globe Furniture Co., 192 Essex St.
Home Radio Co., 92 S. Broadway
Lawrence Furniture Co., Essex St.
Master Tire & Radio Co., 291 Broadway
Robert Main, 56 Berkeley St.
Summerfield Co., 476 Essex St.
World Radio Sales Agency, 71 Appleton St.

LEOMINSTER—Boutt Tire Co., 76 Main St.
Mayo's Leominster Co., 61 Central St.

LOWELL—Gagnon Bros., 108 Merrimack St.
Modern Radio Service, 214 Merrimack St.
Neyman Furniture Co., 99-101 Middlesex St.
Henry Poirier, 626 Merrimack St.
A. C. Read, 561 Merrimack Rd.
Scott Jewelry Co., Merrimack St.
World Radio Sales Agency, 110 Merrimack St.

LYNN—Gustberg Furniture Co., 55-66 Munroe St.
Kennedy Radio Co., 170 Union St.
Liberty Battery Co., 140 Liberty St.
Magarian's, 133 Market St.
Michaels Radio Shop, 5 Market St.
World Radio Sales Agency, 170 Union St.

MALDEN—Harry G. Clinton, 91 Pearl St.
F. N. Joslin Co., Pleasant St.
J. J. Kirlen Co., 564 Main St.
Malden Jewelry Store, 29 Pleasant St.
Malden Radio Company, 179 Pleasant St.
Pleasant Furniture Co., 176 Pleasant St.
Richards Furniture Co., 350 Main St.

MAYNARD—Sim's Tire & Battery Co., 12 Walnut St.

MEDFORD
Fellsway Electric Appliance Co., 7 Riverside Ave.
Hosmer Motor Co., 137 Main St.

MELROSE—Warren F. Jepson, 56 Highland Ave.

MILFORD—Mayflag-Milford, 31 Fruit St.
Trask's Music Store, 106 Main St.

NATICK—L. M. Tooker, 47 Main St.

NEW BEDFORD
World Radio Sales Agency, 1485 Acushnet Ave.

NEWBURYPORT—Robert Knight, 16 Market Sq.
J. J. Quill, 30 Johnson St.
Walton Sales & Service Co., 66 Pleasant St.

NEWTON HIGHLANDS
Highland Auto Supply, 18 Lincoln St.

NEWTONVILLE—Garden City Radio, 385 Walnut St.

NORTH ADAMS—R. J. Tash & Bros., 57 State St.
World Radio Sales Agency, 218 Ashland St.

NORTHAMPTON—Electric Service Co., 26 Crafts Ave.
Parsons Electric Shop, 197 Main St.

NORTH ATTLEBORO
World Radio Sales Agency, 9 Washington St.

NORTHBRIDGE—E. A. Landry, Church St.

NORTHFIELD—Jordan Motors Co.

NORWOOD—Sam's, 655 Washington St.
R. A. Speare, Maple St.
World Radio Sales Agency, 69 Day Street

ORANGE—Pistolis Furniture Co.

PALMER—R. E. Faulkner

PEMBROKE—William Key

PITTSFIELD—Berkshire Furniture Co., Electric Appliance Co., 96 South St.
England Bros.
The Meyer Store

QUINCY—George Johnson, 23 Curtis St.
Parker's Furniture Co., 600 Hancock St.
Robinson Home Utilities, 1864 Hancock St.
World Radio Sales Agency, 1853 Hancock St.

RANDOLPH—Baron Drug, 95 Main St.

READING—Claude B. Leach, Reading Sq.

REVERE—Colonial Furniture Co., 268 Broadway

ROCKLAND—Carlton E. McPhee, 345 Union St.

ROSLINDALE
Associated Suburban Radio Serv., 4259 Washington St.

ROXBURY—Bill's Tire & Battery, 240 Blue Hill Ave.
Garber Radio, Dunmoreth Ave.
I. Goodman Bros. Co., 1960 Washington St.
Grove Hall Radio Service, 462 Blue Hill Ave.
Avigani Mutell Credit Co., 12 Blue Hill Ave.
New England Electric Supply, 1249 Tremont St.

SALEM
LeBaron Music & Furniture Co., 108 Lafayette St.
Morse's Music & Furniture Co., 189 Essex St.
Silvers's Supply, Inc., 88 Lafayette St.
Summerfield Co., 294 Essex St.
William G. Webber

SOMERVILLE
Koop Radio Sales & Service, 51 Union Sq.
Parke Snow Co., Davis Sq.
Radio Service Station, 20 Holland St.
Somerville Co., 272 Elm St.

SOUTH BOSTON
Kruger Furniture Co., 725 Broadway

SOUTHBRIDGE—Perron & Co., 175 Mechanic St.
United Music Co., 16 Hamilton St.

SOUTH LAWRENCE
Collins Electric Co., 184 S. Union St.

SPRINGFIELD
Albert Radio & Electric Co., 1628 Main St.
Carlisle Hardware Co., 1548 Main St.
R. E. Damarest Co., Inc., 1286 Main St.
Friedman, Inc., 1210 Main St.
Supreme Radio Service

SWAMPSCOTT
North Shore Radio Co., 16 Burrill St.

TAUNTON—World Radio Sales Agency, 17 Cedar St.

TOPSFIELD—Topsfield Radio

WAKEFIELD—Russell Electric Co., 418 Main St.

WALTHAM—Beecher Electric Co., 402 Moody St.
Parke-Snow, Inc., 289 Moody St.

WARE—Bowen & Montgomery, 106 Main St.

WATERTOWN
Moss, Gas & Electric Co., 11 Main St.

WEBSTER—Kelley Hardware Co., 361 Main St.
United Music Co.
Webster & Dudley Radio Shop, 29 Main St.

WEST ROXBURY—William T. Lodge, 1762 Centre St.

W. STOCKBRIDGE—Richard Bettigole

WHITINSVILLE—Goff & Mencow, Inc., Nelson Super Service
Plummer's Corner
Valley Radio Co.

WINCHESTER—Park Radio Co., 409 Main St.

WINTHROP CENTRE
Demo Radio & Electric Shop, 10 Bartlett Rd.

WORCESTER—Bay State Auto Supply, 334 Main St.
Central Radio, 161 Main St.
Charron Radio Co., 20 Trumbull St.
Denholm & McKay Co.
Gauthier's Radio Shop, 116 Main St.
Irving Joseph, 76 Water St.
John C. MacInnes Co., 462 Main St.
Millbury Furniture Co., 178 Millbury St.
Motor Car Equipment, 128 Main St.
Northbridge Furniture Co., 166 Southbridge St.
Pearson Tire & Radio Co., 119 Pleasant St.
Frank Rabidou, 6 Hitchcock Rd.
Jacob Seidel, 9 Beaville St.
Worcester Music Shop, 8 Kelly Sq.
Worcester Speedometer Co., 146 Main St.

CONNECTICUT

NEW LONDON—Electric Shop
General Appliance Co.
Modern Electric Co.
New London Lighting Fix. Co.

DANIELSON—Gilman's Radio Service, 76 Main St.

MOOSUP—Donnelly Furniture Co.

N. GROSVENORDALE—Daniel Boss

MAINE

PORTLAND
World Radio Sales Agency, 12 Forest Ave.

LEWISTON—World Radio Sales Agency, 153 Main St.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

CLAREMONT
World Radio Sales Agency

KEENE—World Radio Sales Agency

MANCHESTER
Summerfield Co., 870 Elm St.
World Radio Sales Agency, 1122 Elm St.

NASHUA—World Radio Sales Agency, 15 Main St.

RHODE ISLAND

PAWTUCKET
World Radio Sales Agency, 182 Broad St.

PROVIDENCE
World Radio Sales Agency, 287 Washington St.

WOONSOCKET
World Radio Sales Agency, 515 Social St.

VERMONT

BENNINGTON—Maurice E. Rutel, 510 Main St.

BELLOWS FALLS
World Radio Sales Agency

BRATTLEBORO—W. H. Vinton

Sorry HARDLY STARTED AND NOW WE'VE RUN OUT OF SPACE

YOU'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO GO AND SEE THE ZENITH YOURSELF!

Funny Blunders of Schoolchildren

Astonishing Errors That Creep Into Examination Papers Collected by an Eminent English Humorist and Often More Side-Splitting Than Any Stage Joke

SOME of the funniest comedy in the world is unconsciously found in the mistakes that crop up in the examination papers of school children and even of college students. The faces of teachers as they peruse the answers that come when a question takes a word for another which sounds like it and turns out a gem that would be worth money on the stage are at other times amusing when the wrong answers crop up when the

"Parallel Is the Order of Angels Just Above Seraphims"

People Go About Venice in Gondoliers

Mass Executions by Gas.

A Red Indian's Wife Is Called His "Squaw" and His Children "Squawkers"

His Wife May Think So.

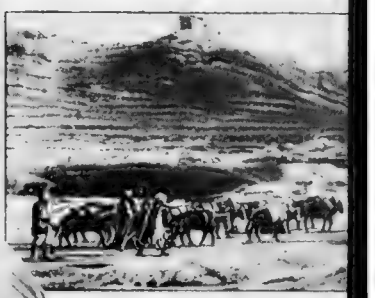
"In the United States People Are Put to Death By Electrion"

How I Waded Through Blood to Become a King

Extraordinary Confessions of the Brigand Chief, Ba Saquo, Ignorant Bandit of the Hills Who Could N Nor Write, Who O Amanullah and Es Cutthroats in th

It Was the National Custom in Afghanistan for Women, When They Went Out in Public, to Veil Their Faces and Cover Their Figures Down to Their Feet. But Queen Souriya (Shown above) Adopted English Clothes and King Amanullah Issued a Royal Decree That All the Women of His Kingdom Must Discard the Old Costumes and Wear Modern Dress. This Startling Attempt at Modernism Was the Chief Reason the Royal Pair Were Driven Off the Throne

A Group of Afghan Bandits Rifles Ready, Awaiting an Approaching Caravan



A Caravan of Loaded Mules and t Entering the Mountain Pa

Shartuddin, King of the Mountain Passes Who Resented the Intrusion of Bacha Saqao, but Bacha Surrounded His Village One Night and Drove His Knife Into the Heart of the Old Robber While Bacha's Companions Killed the Rest of the Bandits.

LIFE is precarious in Afghanistan that semi-barbarous state which lies between Russia and India but there is one spot Kabul the capital where there is law and order and the conveniences of civilized modern life In Kabul lives the King (the Amanullah) there are electric lights, telephones, automobiles and [illegible] In the hills outside the capital murderous bands [illegible] travelers and rob the camel caravans without restraint

It was Bacha Saquo, king of the bandits who [illegible] to make himself king of his country In more ages hence [illegible] his own story of how he came down from the mountains at the head of a [illegible] band of robbers and overthrew the king Amanullah

Taking possession of the royal palace Bacha [illegible] still seldom looked at the bathtubs with curiosity as to the uses which they had never seen before they slept on the floors, hung their cartridge belts on the gilded chandeliers and stripped off the palace draperies and rugs to use as blankets for their horses

Bacha's wife, a rough woman of the hills accustomed to her mud hut was now Queen, but she busied herself mixing dough and baking home-made bread in the palace kitchen. Bacha, the Tartar king, held cock-fights in the royal audience chamber and with a swing of his sword beheaded those who displeased him or, if he thought a public example was needed, he ordered offenders blown from the mouths of cannons Only one of the savage outfit which made up the new King's cabinet could read or write

Unmatched by any historical event in modern times the adventures of this brigand who became a king read like chapters from the Arabian Nights

— —

Synopsis of Preceding Chapter.

A boy of fourteen, young Bacha Saquo ran away from Kalakan, the wretched village of his birth, after committing his first murder, and became a bandit in the hills A Mullah (Holy Man) prophesied that the brigand would become a King and gave him an amulet to charm away bullets. He also declared that two months after the Mullah's death Bacha would meet his doom

By BACHA SAQUO,
Robber Chief, Who Made Himself King of Afghanistan.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued from Last Sunday).

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I BACHA SAQUO, became a caravan robber. The way of the caravan robber was to waylay the merchants as they passed through some rocky defile. Suddenly, from the hillsides, a burst of fire would be sent over the heads of the trailing company, and all was immediate confusion. Should any of the armed escort show fight, they were immediately shot down. More often than not, however, the escort disappeared amidst the welter of surprised and struggling animals, and only emerged, valiantly to throw challenges at a departing enemy when the richest merchants had been despoiled and the [illegible] camels and horses

Caravan robbers [illegible] ably act thus for the [illegible] sides lend of the element of surprise, and in such [illegible] ram it is easy to post [illegible] ward parties who will [illegible] out, secure the animals to prevent a stampede [illegible] overpower the protesting merchants and the [illegible] ing or otherwise guards before there has been [illegible] for scattered wits [illegible] themselves

Such is the easy way and for such enterprise a band of stalwarts at least twenty in number All have to be mounted Each man has to know his part, and there has to be perfect coordination

I Bacha Saquo had to seek another way and now it was Jamal my old schoolboy companion and faithful friend who said I was mad

I would ride forward beyond the hills, and take what I wanted on the plains

I reasoned thus I had no men, as yet and I had to evolve unorthodox means

By long and bitter experience, the merchants knew what was likely to be their fate in the passes, and were prepared No lone wolf would stand a chance there, and the armed guards would seize upon the opportunity with avidity to vindicate their valor

The only chance for Bacha was to engineer some scheme which would catch the prey before it arrived in the field of suspense and suspicion, when, indeed, the guards would be no guards, but only hangers-on, and the merchants too full of their money plans and good food even to entertain the idea of danger.

For my purpose I had to select a small caravan. A large one would have defeated my purpose and would have rendered my task impossible What I wanted was a convoy of less than one hundred and fifty camels, and I set out to find it

I was out to achieve fame, to be known throughout the Kohistan country as a fighter and a bravo, but for weeks my opportunity eluded me.

We rode forth beyond the hills, and watched the caravans with their rich spoil, for we had to be our own spies, and to provide our own intelligence At last there came that which I required — a caravan of convenient size, not too heavily armed, yet giving fair promise of loot and gain

All that day, hovering in the distance upon its flank, we trailed it, Jamal gazing upon me askance, [illegible]

[illegible] selected two [illegible] [illegible] where ordinarily [illegible] With all hands and [illegible] we proceeded to dig not [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] sandy terrain

[illegible] was seen in the [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] instructions. He was [illegible] that he was to take care not [illegible] [illegible] the situation got beyond [illegible] [illegible] necessary. Following my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of musketry, and to [illegible] [illegible] wheeling over the ears of the merchants and their guards.

The hideouts which I had selected were about two hundred yards each side of the trail. They were near enough for quick and accurate shooting but not near enough to be overwhelmed by any sudden rush Our horses we hid behind a small hillock about a mile from the road

We lay there silently, and I watched the caravan approach As I surmised, there was nothing in the attitude of the men to indicate suspicion or alarm The merchants jogged along on their fat ponies, laughing, grumbling, and talking; others were perched on their camels, and the guards, for the main part, were walking, with their arms slung across various beasts of burden

My object, of course, was not to capture the entire caravan Such is beyond the scope of even the largest and best organized bands of robbers. I wanted sufficient to provide me with temporary opulence. More than that, I wanted proof of the fact that Bacha Saquo was not a mere braggart.

I passed the entire line under inspection, and I was pleased Leading, were thirty or more camels, each treading in each other's footsteps, the one behind being tethered to the tail of the one ahead

Following this initial party, was another of five [illegible]

[illegible] Soon there was nothing [illegible] setting dust and [illegible] was dead

Jamal and I [illegible] to [illegible] Four camels, tied in [illegible] were arrested to the spot by the weight [illegible] who was dead And [illegible] were choice carpets rich [illegible] rough silver ingots and [illegible] was a good haul

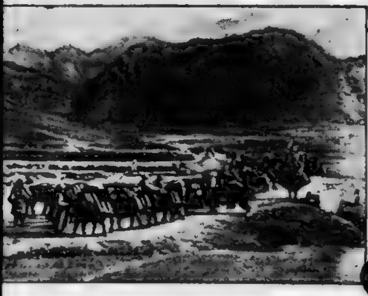
Working with speed [illegible] dead camel's pack on [illegible] ing four, and struck out [illegible] to our native village [illegible] few expressions of wonder

When Jamal told the tale of our exploits around the evening fires, there were some who at first refused to believe, but—there were the camels, and there was the loot. What better proof could there be?

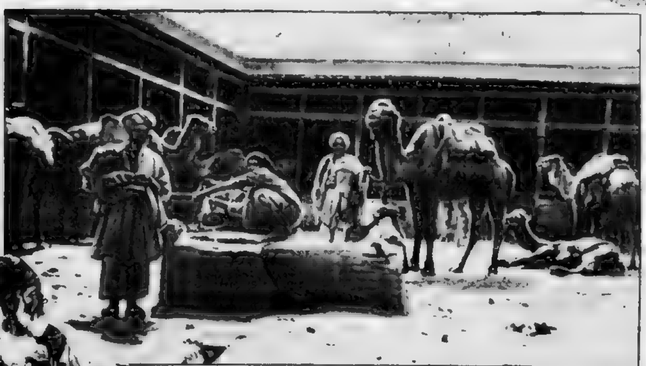
There was a new deference displayed toward Bacha Saquo when he walked abroad, for he who could fight a caravan practically single-handed was a man of note

Having disposed of our wares again I was prepared to take the road.

cha
leither Read
vercame King
tablished Himself and His Barbarous
e Royal Palace of Afghanistan



amels Leaving the Safety of the Open Plains and ses Where Robbers Lay in Wait for Them.



An Afghan Caravanserai Inside the Walls of These Caravan Refuges Scattered Along the Trade Routes the Caravans Felt Safe for the Night, If They Could Reach One.

A Cotton Merchant of an Afghan Village.

This time Jamal and I were not to be alone [illegible] seven men had approached me in the [illegible] of the night and begged to be allowed [illegible] upon the wealthy [illegible] of these I selected. The seventh whom I did not trust very much I told to present himself at some later time when I might find use for his services. Disgruntled the man went his way, but he performed quite unwittingly [illegible] what I had assigned him. The word [illegible] Bacha Saquo was particular [illegible] and that the ragtag and bob- [illegible] not apply to him for employment.

Again [illegible] little to the consternation [illegible] who had thrown in their lot with us [illegible] determined to thrust at [illegible] on the plains [illegible] of the hills but this time I wanted more than the [illegible] of five [illegible]. I was after an entire caravan, something [illegible] had never been attempted by any [illegible] robbers through the ages. By a [illegible] stroke I was determined to establish [illegible]

Again we [illegible] forth beyond the hills [illegible] the scene of my first essay on [illegible] route. Ten miles distant from [illegible] caravanserai where the caravans [illegible] for rest and refreshment [illegible]. It was on this caravanserai that [illegible] my plans.

In the distance I could discern slowly ap- [illegible] train of some two hundred camels [illegible] their heavy burdens. I resolved should [illegible]. With the approach of dusk my men and I [illegible] on the caravanserai and when the caravan filed in to its night's resting place I had men on both sides, and at a distance of not more than fifty yards.

Distinctly we could hear the grunts and thuds of the camels, as they sank to the ground beneath their burdens, and the cursing and revilings of tired men who had to deal with animals who were churlish and obstreperous.

Then I gave the signal—my old one of the jackal thrice repeated, and the caravanserai suddenly became illuminated in dazzling, garish light.

Army light pistols appropriated from the British in Peshawar and along the posts of the Khyber, gushed forth their weird streams of colored radiance. The like had never been seen by these men before, and momentarily they were struck dead with amazement.

Streams of red, white and green light continued to shower over the affrighted men, and loud rose their voices in fear and alarm. They rushed blindly forth to escape from this accursed spot, and their fear communicated itself to the others. In a few moments the entire company was fleeing down the road from whence it came, and one of my men followed them up to give them a further taste of these wild lights of the Powers of Darkness.

The camels, disturbed by the commotion, had for the main part rumbled and grumbled to their [illegible]

[illegible] Lofty [illegible] With [illegible]

fat merchants [illegible] the [illegible] lights had [illegible] I realized that it [illegible] not be long before [illegible] resolute among them would be [illegible] the guards, and demanding an immediate return to the camp.

The tumult and the shouting suddenly gave over to a lower and more sustained note and I knew that a decision had been reached, and it had been resolved to return to the caravanserai and brave the phenomenon should it recur. I could hear the voices coming nearer, and presently I could make out, some eighty yards away a dense mass of men, all hugging close together for their better protection.

Sixty—fifty—forty yards I allowed them to come, and then I acted.

I had in mind a British bomb for which I had had to pay the extravagant price of three hundred and fifty rupees. But, if all went well, I would deem the money well spent.

The instructions which I had received with this strange instrument of death bade me pull forth the pin, and count four. I extracted the contrivance, and counted—somewhat rapidly, I confess, then hurled it into the midst of the advancing horde.

For an interminable period I judged that my money had been misplaced and that the much vaunted British were less clever in the arts of war than we imagined. With a blood-curdling "Whoof" however, the bomb did its work, and the air was filled with noise. There were groans, and shrieks, [illegible]

[illegible] the eve [illegible] terror [illegible] along the road which they had [illegible]

In the [illegible] land of Kohistan would ring with the [illegible] dare-devilry and success. I [illegible] retainers and I would [illegible] the land.

Men [illegible] to the train of Bacha Saquo and his name was known throughout the hills of Kohistan [illegible] still with his [illegible] allowed his [illegible]

Yes I [illegible] the most successful robber of the [illegible] bowed [illegible] that was because I could [illegible] and could guarantee to those who accompanied me on my forays a handsome return for their endeavors.

Bacha Saquo wanted more than this. He desired the mastery and would have it.

It is not to be supposed that my incursion into the ranks of the successful was viewed with any enthusiasm by those who regarded the looting of the caravans as a long vested interest, and there was one in particular who displayed his umbrage.

He was Sharfuddin, who had for long regarded himself as King of the Passes, and he watched with a wry face my snatching of the loot from beneath his nose. Moreover, he made it a personal matter. He declared that Bacha Saquo was blackening his face, and was making a fool of him before the people of Kohistan.

Therefore it became necessary to stealthily surround the bandit leader's village and destroy him and his band. My own knife ended Sharfuddin's career. I carried his head about the village perched upon a pole.

With the sacking and the demolition of Sharfuddin's village and the summary slaying of the leader himself and of all his men, I became the undisputed ruler of the mountains. All men did me honor, not because of what they might receive in riches, but because they deemed it wise. And that is real power.

When the name of Bacha Saquo was mentioned in the villages, the people trembled. My star was rising.

It is not to be supposed that the authorities in the capital, Kabul, went in ignorance of my acti-

"Jamal and I rode on and I selected two places each side of the caravan trail where [illegible] even a jackal could not hide. We lay there silently and I watched the caravan approach. As I surmised there was nothing in the attitude of the men to indicate suspicion or alarm. The merchants [illegible] along on their [illegible] grumbling and talking [illegible] perched on their [illegible] for the main [illegible] with their [illegible] boasts of [illegible]

[illegible] men [illegible] out of the [illegible] The leader [illegible] which I had [illegible] to the ground [illegible] The other [illegible] like ships in a storm, but [illegible] tethering ropes held."

[illegible]

The [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] With [illegible] together [illegible]

[illegible] light, and [illegible]

Then after [illegible] company [illegible] put up but [illegible] I [illegible] the chief officer [illegible] Kabul in disgrace [illegible] he would tell a wonderful [illegible] of Bacha.

Kabul made one more effort [illegible] its authority, and then it gave [illegible]

The infantry having [illegible] to put the air force against [illegible] two airplanes winged their way over the tribal lands searching for Bacha's encampment.

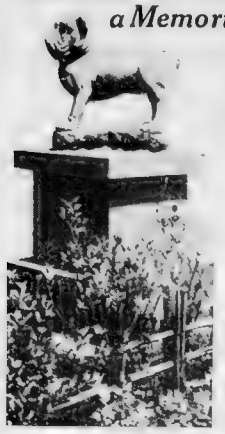
Amongst the men who [illegible] at this time was one whom I [illegible] certain suspicion, and in order the better to keep an eye on him, I placed him among my own bodyguard. One afternoon, when we had reached a village where the immediate terrain was flat—the villagers were lucky in that they had a few fields at which they could scratch—I saw this man behave strangely. He unwound his turban, and placed it on the ground in the form of an elongated cross, and—the stem of the cross pointed to the village.

It was an action which might have passed if I had not my suspicions, for the man might easily have just washed his turban, but—I had spent some years in Peshawar, and I had seen British

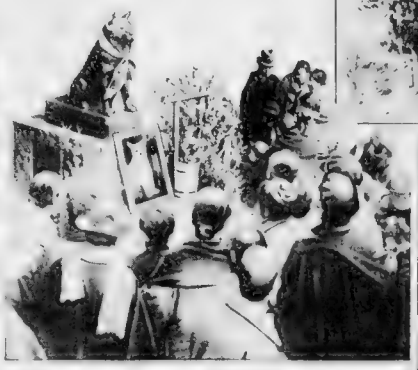
(Continued on Page 21)

Dogs, Cats and Even Goldfish Given Funerals in Japan

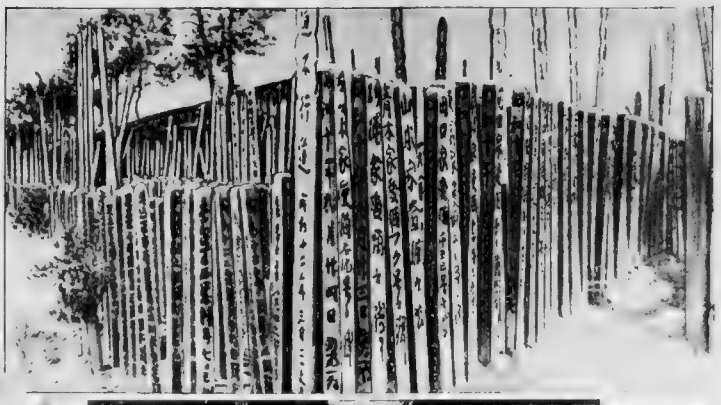
Millionaire Pearl Merchant Erects a Monument to the Oysters He Killed and a Memorial Service Is Held by the Tokyo Health Department for the Poor Little Flies It Had to Destroy and 100,000 Bullfrogs Sacrificed to Science



This Ornate Stone Marks the Spot Where a Wealthy Tokyo Pet Was Buried



Hachiko, Japan's Most Famous Dog, Has a Statue Which Is Passed Yearly by Thousands of Loyal Tokyo Men Who Remember Him as a Pup Before He Died and That Is How the Statue Shows Him



What Happens When a Rich Tokyo Dog Goes to Meet His Ladies Lost Food So Dog Could Eat Is Eaten High at the Altar

This Ornate Crypt Is Built Only for Middle-Class Family Which Can't Afford Separate Mausoleums but Wants Something Better Than the Paupers' Row Shown at the Top

This Modern Crematory Is Used Only by Rich Pet Owners After the Burning Members of the Funeral Often Return the Ashes to Their Burial Place and Offer Prayers There

The Dog of Yikumori Sago, a Japanese Patriot, Is Shown With Him on His Statue

A Rexall DRUGGIST shouts across the nation!

and here's what he has to say!

With more than 10 thousand other Rexall Druggists, I am interested in the factories that make many of the Rexall Products advertised here. During this sale I offer selected items at prices that save you most of the usual in-between profits. I call it my Factory-To-You Sale, because, in effect, that's really what it is.

Tear out this page now, check the items you need and buy them at these saving prices at the local Rexall Drug Store. There's a Rexall Drug Store near you

Louis K. Liggett says "Yes!"

"Yes, I have helped create every item offered in this sale and proudly endorse each of them as worthy of purchase and use by all of our friends."

LOUIS K. LIGGETT
Founder of the Rexall Plan of Drug Store Merchandising

THE REXALL PLAN

The Rexall Plan of drug store merchandising is a simple one founded by Louis K. Liggett in 1903. It is a simple Plan whereby the leading independent-owned drug store in every city, town or community join together in producing and selling their own drug store products of better value for less money. These products are known by the trade-names — Rexall, Puretest, Firstaid, Klenzo, Kantleek, Cara Nome, Adrienne, and others.

The Shadow Lifted

[illegible] Your Rexall Druggist

My Rexall Store Factory-to-You SALE Now!

49c pint size Mi31 **ANTISEPTIC SOLUTION** and 50c pint size Puretest **RUBBING ALCOHOL** a 99c value during this sale BOTH FOR **59c**

Compare with $1.25 Values!
***Electrex rapid* TOASTER** **79c**

***Keen Medford* RAZOR BLADES** *double edge style* Shave with a new blade every day. The low price enables you to use a sharp blade daily without concern. *pack of 25* special during this sale **19c**

Buy these frequent needs at factory-to-you prices!

2oz Pack of 4 Dozen Puretest Glycerin Suppositories (Adults or Infants)	19c
Epsom Salts	19c
Boric Acid Powder	13c
Hydrogen Peroxide	10c
Puretest Hot Oil	23c
Puretest Shampoo	29c
Rexall Mineral Oil	29c
Puretest Cascara Compound	69c
Corn Solvent	19c
Fungi Rex	39c
Little Liver Pills	19c
Monteale Olive Oil	63c
Soda Bicarbonate	17c
Mentholated Tooth Paste	29c
Toilet Powder	39c

25c Value 60 Yds. Rexall Handy Tinker Tape	19c
Adhesive Tape and Bandage	19c
Hot Water Bottle	69c
Fountain Syringe	79c
Puretest Rubber Gloves	39c
Shampoo Spray	59c
Bulb Syringe	98c
Toilet Soap Dispenser	19c
Rexall Razor Sharpener	33c
Writing Portfolio	23c
Pocket Pencil	39c
Fountain Pen	39c
Rexall Toilet Soap	3 for 25c
Mentholated Tooth Powder	26c
Perfected Baby Talc	21c
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo	33c

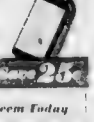
35c KLENZO **FACIAL TISSUES** 500 sheets **19c**

75c size full pound Rexall Theoretical **Cold Cream** during this sale The kind used by users of stage and screen. **59c**

40c full pint size **Petrofol** Tasteless Mineral Oil during this sale **33c**

25c size Rexall **Milk of Magnesia Tooth Paste** during this sale **19c**

Puretest Tincture **Iodine** **19c**



Use [illegible] To Save 25c

Clip and Redeem Today

Name

Street

City Rexall Store

Coupon not Redeemable after Aug. 31st, 1937
(Cash redemption value of Coupon 1/10 of 1 cent)

Rexall Readymade Bandage Mercurochrome or plain Keep a box handy by [illegible] **19c**

Pack of 1 Dozen Firstaid **Sanitary Napkins** during this sale Extra absorbent Smooth lining **17c**

25c size Elkay's **White Shoe Cleaner** during this sale **17c**

25c size **Klenzo Shaving Cream** during this sale **19c**

NEAR WHEN YOU'RE ALL DRUG STORE FOR BEST VALUES IN TOWN - EVERY DAY

Curtain of Gold by Valerie Nicholson

The Story of a Girl Whose Courage Brought Her the Thing She Most Wanted From Life. Complete In This Issue.

The Woman at the Center [illegible] Beat With Her Fists On the Head [illegible] Her Lap.

A

I [illegible]

[illegible] jumped up and paced the floor, running her hands through her hair until it stood up in a gleaming halo. Her eyes blazed with fury at the trick life had played on the two of them. "It was all my fault. I should never have let her [illegible]

[illegible]

I get some hot milk." Nora offered quickly. "There are warmer places to sit than a running board in a snowstorm."

[illegible]

Ranny had never had to face reality as she had. Lastly step of the way she had to fight, and it had developed in her a hard core of steel which was bracing her now against a terrific desire to go into his arms. Could he fight, she wondered, for the woman he loved, if he had to? She didn't really know him except as a gay companion before whose charm and moneyed touch hardships fell away. She tried to imagine Ranny without money - and failed. Everything in life had been handed him on a silver platter, if it turned to a tin plate would he now [illegible] appetite.

"Suppose I went to another city and made my own way

"Don't you see, my dear," She Cried a Little Wildly, "it won't do? It's been so lovely while it lasted, but the fact remains— I'm a taxi dancer and you're a millionaire."

[illegible] and her eyes popped at the [illegible] speed. [illegible]

There came a time when Ranny [illegible] a new light in his eyes, and his smile held now [illegible] which warmed her to her very toes. They danced for hours without a word, clinging close. She trembled to feel his heart beat against her.

That was the time when she should have put on the brakes. Reckless in new-found joy, she put from her the knowledge that a showdown had to come. Now here she was with the making or breaking of their two lives in her hands.

It was hard being young, starving for all of life's good

[illegible] word could only stand a [illegible] at Nora, [illegible] Her roommate half [illegible] of her with the paper in her hand. [illegible]

"There wasn't any use [illegible] he stammered at last. "I knew what you [illegible] to do and I

(Continued on Page 19.)

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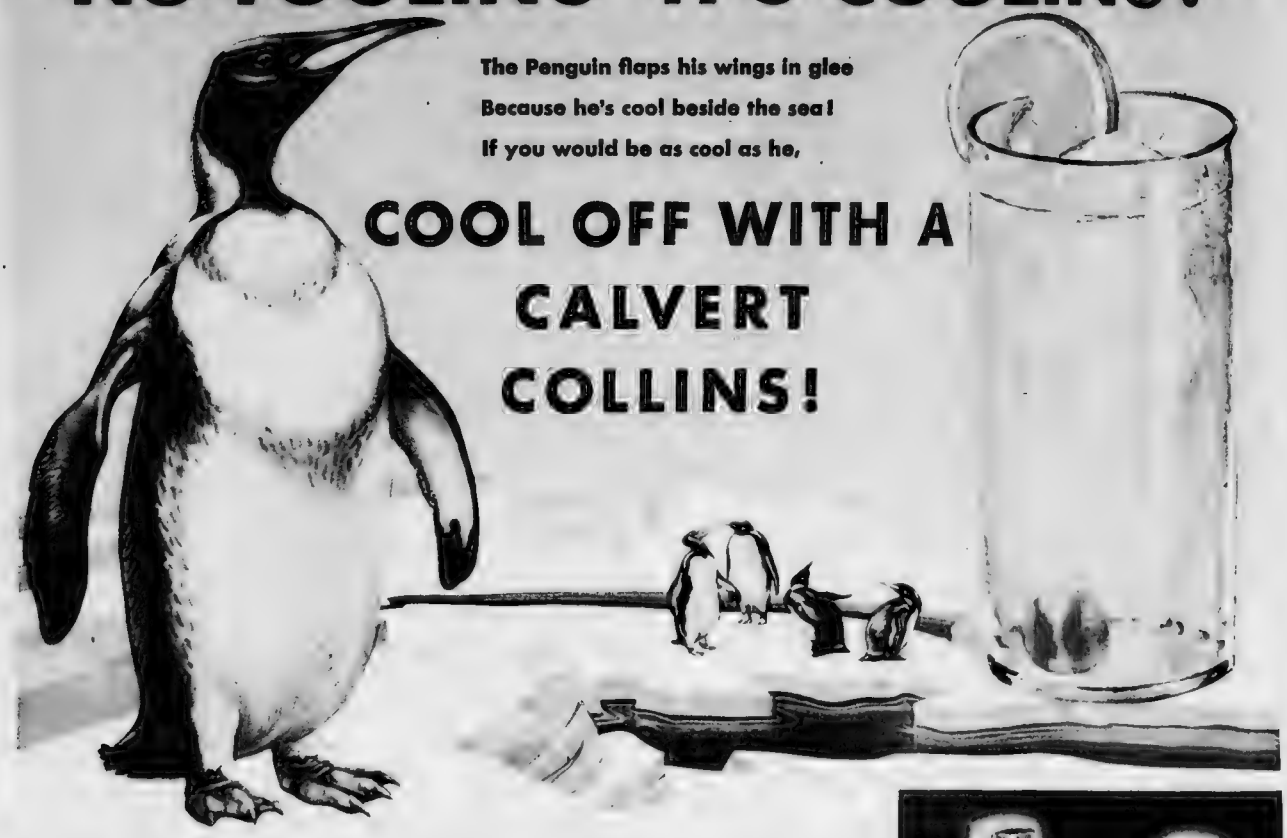
NO FOOLING—IT'S COOLING!

The Penguin flaps his wings in glee
Because he's cool beside the sea!
If you would be as cool as he,

COOL OFF WITH A CALVERT COLLINS!



HOW DAN DODGED THE HEAT WAVE . . .

PHEW—THIS HEAT'S GOT ME!
I KNOW WHAT WILL FIX US UP, DAN—A COOLING CALVERT COLLINS!
THIS CALVERT COLLINS IS GRAND JOE—SURE HITS THE SPOT!
MIGHTY GOOD REASON FOR THAT, DAN—YOU SEE, CALVERT IS THE PERFECTLY BLENDED WHISKEY THAT MAKES A PERFECTLY BLENDED DRINK.

HERE'S THE RECIPE
TEAR IT OUT!

The famous
CALVERT COLLINS

1 jigger Calvert's "Reserve" or Special

Juice of 1 lemon or a ½ lemon and a ½ lime

2 teaspoons sugar

Shake well—strain into 12 oz. glass adding club soda and ice. Decorate with fruit if you wish.

When it's hot or when it's cool—it's wise to call for Calvert! For today the trend's to blends—and Calvert is the perfectly blended whiskey that makes a perfectly blended drink. You'll find it rich and mellow in highballs . . . full-bodied and flavorful in cocktails . . . the blend to pick for drinks that click!

Members of the distinguished Calvert Family are Calvert's "Reserve", Calvert's "Special", and Old Drum Brand Whiskies.

COOL HEADS CALL FOR Calvert WHISKEY COLLINS

AND HERE'S ANOTHER RECIPE FOR KEEPING COOL
THE CALVERT COOLER

Here's a drink mint julep fans will go for: put 12 to 5 mint leaves in bottom of a tall glass. Add a spoonf powdered sugar and a little water. Allow to stand for while, then fill glass ⅓ with very fine ice and pour jigger Calvert's "Reserve" or "Special" into the gla When the drink is almost ready to be served, fill to to with crushed ice. Then add a little more whiskey ora little rum. Decorate with a generous bouquet of mi A fresh strawberry adds a distinctive touch.

Copr. 1947 CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP. DISTILLERIES, RELAY, MD., AND LOUISVILLE, KY., EXECUTIVE OFFICES, CHRYSLER BLDG., N. Y. C. CALVERT'S "RESERVE" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—straight whiskey in this product is 5 years old. 32% 5 year ol straight whiskey, 68%, grain neutral spirits. CALVERT'S "SPECIAL" BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—straight whiskies in this product are 2 years or more old. 25% straight whiskey, 75% grain neutral spirits. 10% 2 year old straight whiskey, 15% 5 year old straight whiske CALVERT'S OLD DRUM BRAND BLENDED WHISKEY—90 PROOF—straight whiskies in this product are 1 year and 6 months or more old. 25% straight whiskey, 75% grain neutral spirits.

"I Warn Men Against Using Misfit Blades"
—says St. Paul Druggist
Users Praise Teamwork of Gillette Razor and Gillette Blade

Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

Hoodwink House

by S. Andrew Wood

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

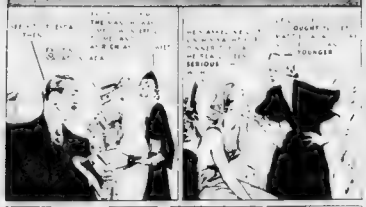
LOVEDAY BRANT boards a motor bus in London with her only friend, Thekel, dealer in fake antiques, her sewing, Pud, and a dog ahead of her until the other passengers alight. Desiring to escape a certain artist and collector of curios who is following her, Miss Brant decides to visit Mr. Rowe, a friend of her father's, who is said to live in Hoodwink House, Mayfield, Kent. Mr. Rowe proves to be a crank, and his daughter, Lady Cranbourne, a pretty widow who carries a mysterious box. Loveday is startled by the appearance of Mr. Rowe's daughter, Lady Cranbourne, a pretty widow who carries a mysterious box. Loveday is startled by the appearance of Mr. Rowe's daughter, Lady Cranbourne, a pretty widow who carries a mysterious box.

"Lazybones" Smiled Lady Bindon, Shaking Loveday Gently. "I believe you're practising awakening beautifully against the time you get married

CHAPTER VIII
Midsummer Night's Fantasy

"I

SO OFTEN ROMANCE HANGS BY A THREAD



TUESDAY NIGHT

3 WEEKS LATER

2 YEARS LATER

Beauty Experts say:
"NEVER TAKE A CHANCE"
You never know who you have I-altitose—but others do, and pass you up. Why run the certain risk of offending, when all you need do to make your breath fresher, sweeter, more agreeable is rinse Listerine. Antiseptic. A most cause of bad breath is the fermented food particles left on the tooth brush has passed. Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and between times before social and business engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
CHECKS HALITOSIS

And not just because she did I'd be a fool to admit I was. Then, I was intrigued.

A story possibly he answer. Then to the flash you thought. A leaked-out decoy, Loveday. But we shall see presently. Or, I'm guess. Dr. Rowe? Was it a politician's stunt? Loveday Brant and the picture of another beautiful woman photographer published—both by some

Loveday. The reincarnation of The Ranelagh Rose. Daughter moved by some message from the spirit called to steal it. Loveday after a day or two meant to return it. Will that be the trick's

asleep. But for some reason he dared not look a second time. He found her cloak and covered her with it. At his touch she moved and the little ripple he had painted for the posters rippled through her cheeks. It gave him a crystal tenderness. He was beam toasted look from the sheen of that spring. heeled sick her knees. The real people would not be home for evening teas. The Bar Ironmaster's Daughter would go to Geneva. He was tired of it.

What Loveday answered, man was [illegible] right. Because [illegible] sense of [illegible] whisper of [illegible]

(Continued on Page 19)

CRO-PAX Waterbed CORN PADS
WITH MEDICATED DISCS
REMOVES CORNS...only 10c
6 PADS - 4 DISCS
AT ALL 5 AND 10c STORES
CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS
For Every Foot Ailment
CRO-PAX PRODUCTS Dept A Cleveland O

FOR ITCHING SKIN

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Goodbye FRECKLES

FOR Free BOOKLET
Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM 50¢

THE GREATEST BOOK of

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Hoodwink House

by S. Andrew Ward

"He Loved Me," Peregrine Told His Father. "I'd choke a Cop Out of Jacket"

(Continued from Page 18)

Loveday saw her close the smile was gray and shrunken, yet still edible.

"Sit down!" commanded Loveday quickly. "You're not well!"

Her dread was sharp and wiped out her enmity on the [illegible]. Her strong young arm [illegible] Lady Redlow.

"[illegible] Loveday Brant." It was a [illegible] pierced by pain's [illegible]. Then [illegible] at any moment. But the [illegible] attack [illegible] same pep pressure [illegible]. I keep for it [illegible] I'm going to [illegible] them."

Loveday was past [illegible] the [illegible] pacing [illegible] with [illegible] the bright eyes [illegible] Lady Redlow [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] laugh [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Hoodwink House

by S. Andrew Wood

(Continued from Page 19)

Peregrine saw the soldierly old face keen and eager and full of quiet amusement.

"Then — "

"I've fooled you with the rest I apologize, boy. But I'm finished with my fooling. You're in this with me. Do you agree?" Peregrine's has its antique talons into you after all. "Now, listen. It's a fairly picturesque story for this dry-as-dust den. But it's not the first story of that sort these walls have heard.

I got on the track of The Bandurriero's Daughter on the Spanish trip I took early this year. Art people had known of the picture for twenty years.

"Thirty years ago the picture, which belonged then, to a snuffy old priest of Toledo, disappeared in an earthquake that shook that part of Spain. It was supposed to have been destroyed and that only the artist's rough crayon sketch remained. But last year I found the oil painting. It was in a queer old disused Capuchin monastery which stands in the shadow of the cathedral at Cordova. And there it is yet. Guy."

"So the masterpiece I got clubbed for as a worthless copy was the real thing, was it?" Lord Bledlow's level voice went on, "in that old Capuchin monastery you have never yet seen Cordova. Guy. It's like something Torquemada left behind him in the Middle Ages of Spain. The Reds in the past have left one spot there untouched. The old monastery is exactly as it was three hundred years before.

Brother Ambrose—that was the abbot's name remains alive. He has been there since he was a boy. He looks as if he were as ageless as Dracula. He's a little crippled, I think, with rheumatism, which also, the attendant, who let me off in a huge I expect.

"Brother Ambrose has quite a gift for people. He went to see the people for a hundred years ago to the poor of the city. What could I do? I have had to see that the pegasus are still quite a profit. It was a quandary for an honest dealer in the Fine Arts.

Our friend Olympus decided for us. He was growing bolder and more clever. That week he purchased a Murillo and a Cervantes manuscript which I had purchased in Seville in a way that was a delicate gift for anti-[illegible] packing it for shipment whatever they were. I paid Brother Ambrose his hundred pesetas and let The Bandurriero's daughter stay there with the other pictures and his shadow. Brother Ambrose left me [illegible] the depredations of [illegible] against the sum I knew I could get in America for the Goya and a hundred pesetas out of pocket. A fair [illegible] The damage has been greater than that.

"Bad business, Peregrine [illegible] Peregrine [illegible] and [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Buy out of a soiled toilet. Hot weather increases the danger. Germs breed faster. Odors become more noticeable. Keep the bowl sparkling clean. Purify the hidden trap. Use Sani-Flush.

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THE ALL-OVER—ALL-PURPOSE DEODORANT! After the bath, dust Amolin Powder under your arms, inside your girdle, all over your body. Men as well as women sprinkle soothing Amolin between toes and in the shoes to prevent Athlete's Foot infection. Used and recommended by hospital nurses for over forty years. Generous sized containers 35¢. Larger sizes at a saving. At all stores.

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Amolin

Norwich Makers of Unguentine

DEODORIZES SANITARY PADS

How I Waded Through Blood to Become a King

(Continued from Double Page)

troops signal to aeroplanes by placing panels on the ground.

Afterward, when two aeroplanes flew overhead, my suspicions were confirmed.

I said nothing at the time, but that night, when the time had come to rest, I said casually to one of my bodyguard:

"Abdul, bring me the red fruit of a cactus."

Wonderingly, the man rose to obey. He might well be puzzled, for the cactus fruit is covered with spikes, and the interior is a mass of small hair-like needles. It is no delicacy, and even the donkeys will disdain it.

However, I held my men in converse around the fast failing fire, and waited for Abdul to return. He did so at length, holding the fruit gingerly.

Leaning lazily against my saddle, I called two of my men close towards me, and whispered:

"The newcomer," I said. "Seize him."

Without a word, the man was held, and disarmed.

"Open his mouth," I ordered, and fingers pressed on to his jawbone until he gaped.

Popping the cactus fruit into his mouth, and pressing the point of my knife against his breast, I bade him eat. His eyes, alight with fury and distaste, bored into mine, but—he ate.

I knew that by the morrow his tongue would be swollen to the roof of his mouth, and that his cheeks, pricked on the inside by those tiny, poisonous irritants, would be so puffed that his face would be unrecognizable.

But, I had not finished.

I bade him remove his clothes, and under the menace of my knife, he did so. Then I disrobed, and I forced him to put on my rather distinctive garments.

I salaamed to him ironically, and I bowed low in mock deference.

"I see before me Bacha Saqao," I said tauntingly. "Good, the great man shall have of the best. He shall rest upon Bacha's bed, for that is but right. And he shall have a bodyguard to see that evil does not befall him."

It was my well-known custom to have my cot well in the open, for I distrusted the shadows cast by walls, and around me the sentries of my bodyguard.

I had my cot carried out, and this man, attired in my clothes, was forced to lie upon it. The sentries were not in sight, but they were there all the same, and this man knew it.

I gave them orders to take up positions behind walls and the like, and to shoot the man dead if he made any attempt to move from my bed.

Nothing happened that night, but with the dawn, there came a whirring in the sky, and I laughed in my hand, for my surmise had been right. Lower and lower came the two aeroplanes, and suddenly they alighted on the stretch of flat ground outside the town. Figures jumped from the machines and ran with the speed of hares for the village.

They entered, and they had evidently been well primed, for they made straight for my cot and threw themselves upon the prone figure there. They acted entirely without ceremony, and I grinned as I watched from a nearby hiding place while they seized this man by the hair and made play with his windpipe.

I could see his eyes entreating, and I could hear the "Blah, blah, blah," that came from his swollen mouth, and I stuffed the end of my turban in my quivering lips to stifle my laughter.

To add color to the scene, I ordered one of our machine-guns to open up, and the aeroplanes replied, but the marksmen there were rather hampered in their work, as they could not spray the village at their pleasure. Their friends were inside and had yet to emerge.

I saw the raiders seize upon my swollen-faced double, and hoist him up. Then, with a lurching run, they carried him off, making for the aeroplanes.

I often wondered what they said to this spy in Kabul after they landed him there. It was probably two days before he could speak coherently, and quite that time before his face became recognizable.

I was in peace after that.

The stars in their courses were shaping my destiny.

My shock tactics with the merchants had made me master of the caravan routes. My manner of disposing of Sharfuddin, my principal, and therefore my only rival, made me paramount in the hills. The easy and blase manner in which I had foiled the feeble attempts of the Kabul Government to bring me to heel, consolidated my position, and placed me definitely above all others in the province of Kohistan. There, my name meant the law. If Bacha said so, then it was so, and there was none to give me even the semblance of opposition. The people flew to my bidding. Those that were sprightly received their due reward. Those who were tardy were apt to find me churlish.

Such is the way of the hills. There can be no half measures.

I was Lord of Kohistan, and ruler of the caravans, and my name was known throughout Afghanistan. I could, in necessity, command a fighting force of great number, for practically the entire male population of my province was conscript at my word.

Sitting up there in the hills of Kohistan, I was in a better position to read the portents than those who were immersed in the vortex in the capital. There was much that the King was doing wrong. Gradually, he was moving to the pass where there would be a struggle of wills, and long ago I had come to the conclusion that Amanullah Khan was both a bluffer and a blunderer. I was biding my time, and sowing the seed.

When there arose the insurrection in Khost, Amanullah promised the chieftains that his ill-favored new laws would be withdrawn. They were, but only to be reimposed when all was at peace again.

When the time came to revert to his scheme of reformation, Amanullah committed a cardinal error in his efforts to placate the tribesmen. He informed the chiefs, with a wealth of verbiage, that they were God's children and that the only people who had resisted the reforms in the first instance were the Mullahs. He thereupon addressed himself to the task of hounding the clergy—easily the most powerful and most numerous individual class within his domain. The priests, he said, were the barriers to real progress. Therefore, the priests must bend the knee, or go.

He hit at time-honored customs and tradition, and the people began to murmur, and asked if their King had become afflicted in his mind. Not only did they hesitate to obey the Royal commands, but it was the invariable custom to refer these matters to the Mullahs. The advice tendered by the priests frequently ran counter to the Royal firman.

Amanullah was determined that the women of Afghanistan should forego the veil. All women were ordered to show their faces, and his favorites were those men who ordered their womenfolk to plaster their skin with European cosmetics, and to array their bodies in the latest confections from Paris.

According to ancient custom, women only had their hair shorn if they were disgraced, but Amanullah thought that all should cut their hair, in imitation of the women of the West.

His most fantastic order was that the people should desert their ancient garb, and resort to European clothes. He actually gave orders that only those attired in European raiment should be admitted to certain parks and thoroughfares.

Thus the months passed in growing discontent. The King was squeezing all for taxes with which to pay for his new and hated reforms.

Eventually it was decided to mulct the wealthy, who were required to provide "voluntary" contributions, and for the rest, to levy three years' taxes in advance on the remainder of the population with, of course, the notable exception of Kohistan where, if there was any tax-gathering, Bacha Saqao did it quite expeditiously.

Then came Amanullah's visit to Europe, and during the King's absence I made two visits to the capital in disguise and made contact with Mohammed Wali, Amanullah's favorite, and to whom he had dedicated the regency.

That which I saw in Kabul during these visits made it evident to me that I had only to wait a favorable opportunity.

I merely had to retire to my hills and allow another to open the gates of Kabul to me.

Between Kabul and Kohistan I had a line of trusty runners. There were those within the court circle who would do anything for money, and I, Bacha Saqao, could afford to buy my information.

Before forty-eight hours had passed after Amanullah's return, my runners were pouring astonishing tales in my ears. Some were so strange that they were difficult of acceptance, yet there was abundant proof that they were true. Were not the tailors of Kabul working day and night with their needles, and were not the second-hand clothes merchants of Hind pouring bale after bale of foreign rubbish across the border?

The Royal firman was that the face of Afghanistan must be changed. Amanullah Khan saw in our flowing pajamas and embroidered waistcoats only that which was repugnant. He would have all, from the highest to the lowest, in European garb. He had returned from the West with the silk-hat complex, and he thought more of the correct position for a trouser crease and of the shine to his patent leather shoes than he did of the dignity of his countrymen.

The time I now knew was rapidly approaching—the time I must put my trust in the Mullah's prophecy.

There were murmurings among the people, the army was disgruntled, and a rebellious clergy was stalking the land impressing upon the peasants that they were in the hands of Satan. The court was reviled. Amanullah was likened to a madman. Tax-gatherers who still endeavored to mulct the poor were murdered, and there was a drying up of resources in Kabul. The King had spent all on his journeys abroad, the country had paid its taxes long in advance, and the State coffers were running empty.

Each day, sitting up in the hills, I awaited the call which I knew must come. And, I was prepared.

The air was electrified, and all that was required was a spark. The spark fell in unexpected territory.

A party of Koochi tribesmen were passing through the Shinwari country. It had with it merchandise of considerable value, and was apprehensive of attack. Coming upon some armed Shinwaris it mistook the locals for brigands on the pillage, and shots were exchanged. A number of Shinwari casualties bespoke the character of the engagement, and the tribesmen were furious. They rose throughout the countryside and fell upon and captured the Koochis and hauled them before the local magistrate.

This was a small thing, and an insignificant incident in a land

(Continued on Page 23)

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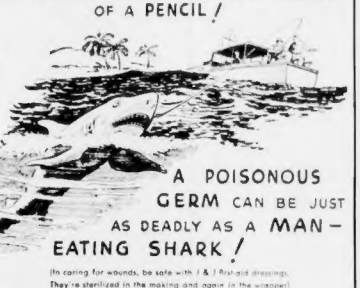

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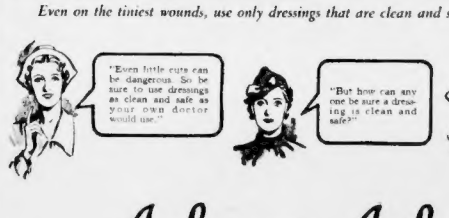
"Even little cuts can be dangerous. So be sure to use dressings as clean and safe as your own doctor would use."
"But how can any one be sure a dressing is clean and safe?"
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THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

Sardines for Summer Snacks

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

On sultry days, serve snacks. No wonder the idea of a "snack bar" has become so popular, not only in cafes and restaurants but in the home as well. For what is so suitable but sustaining on a scorching noon as a light snack or novelty sandwich? Or what more simple to prepare for the evening meal than a platter of assorted snacks, or salads which may be "snacks" under another guise?

The basis for any snack must be a nourishing but light and easily digested protein. Fish, cheese and cold cuts of meat are all tops for the purpose, with varieties of smoked or canned fish lending special interest. Salmon, tuna, crabmeat or shrimp are standbys of the snack bar, when a generous salad or jellied dish is desired. And for an inexpensive "pick-up" serve sardines.

Sardines, as everyone knows and the law has decided, are "any small fish belonging to the herring family." And this may include the varieties of herring known as "pilchards, sprats, bristlings or young herrings." So let the buyer take her choice, some packs of sardines are always called "bristlings," while others are spoken of as "sprats." No matter, a sardine by any other name tastes just as good, and may be served in as many intriguing ways.

Of course, too, despite its small size, the sardine is well packed with vitamins, with food iron, iodine, magnesium and other minerals important to nutrition. That is the big reason why the sardine is ideal for the summer snack where "much in little" is desired. A sardine salad or appetizer, a sandwich spread of mashed sardines, etc., have a lot of food value in condensed space.

Here's a chef's special salad, taken from the menu card of a famous hotel. But it will be equally popular on the home bill-of-fare any day in the week.

Chef's Sardine Salad: 6 to 8 freshly-boiled potatoes, sliced, 1 cup mayonnaise, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon onion, minced, 1 teaspoon parsley, minced, 3 cans bristling sardines, 12 red button radishes, lettuce. Combine sliced potatoes with mayonnaise, salt, pepper, vinegar and onion juice, and blend lightly. Lay potato salad in middle of platter, and sprinkle with parsley. Arrange drained sardines around potatoes and garnish with button radishes and lettuce. Serve very chill. Serves 6

The delicately smoked sardines are popular because of their special wood-smoke flavor and natural pure olive oil packing. The brisling is considered by many most tender, juicy and distinctive in flavor. They are packed in two sizes—large fish packed lengthwise of the can, and small fish packed crosswise. Both sizes are useful in salads, appetizers and snacks.

The hot or broiled "open-face" snack is particularly popular with men. Often the recipes call for cheese also, as in the following:

Sardine Cheese Snacks: ¼ pound sharp cheese, sliced thin, 6 slices white bread, 1 can brisling sardines, 2 tomatoes sliced, salt, pepper. Place slice of cheese on each slice of bread. Cover with a layer of sardines, and top with slice of tomato. Dust with salt and pepper. Brown in a hot oven at about 400 degrees or under broiler until cheese melts. Serve immediately.

A similar one is found in this recipe:

Sardine Rabbit: 1 cup thin white sauce, 2 teaspoons mustard, 1 cup sharp cheese, diced small, 1 can brisling sardines, buttered toast rusk or crackers. Heat white sauce and blend in mustard. Add cheese and stir until cheese is melted. Add sardines, and heat. Pour over piping hot buttered crackers or rusks, and dust with paprika. Serves 4.

Sardines in a hot vegetable platter is another suggestion:

Sardine Summer Platter: 6 oblong slices bread, toasted; 24 asparagus stalks or tips, heated; 2 cans sardines, drained; hot mashed potatoes, tomato rings or mushroom caps, lemon garnish. Use a heavy grill platter. Arrange toast with 4 stalks asparagus on each, with sardines at each end. Whip 1 egg yolk into mashed potatoes, and arrange in border around toast. Arrange tomato or mushrooms over all. Brush with melted butter, and place under broiler to grill. Serve at once, garnished with lemon cut into fancy shapes.

The sardine also lends itself as an ingredient to be used as a filling or stuffing mixture for the "rounds" vegetables such as peppers, tomatoes, eggplant, etc. Stuffed peppers are favorite, and the addition of sardines gives a new flavor to the dish.

Hoodwink House

by S. Andrew Wood

(Continued from Page 20)

was released he cursed this country with hell, book and candle and went to Spain, where one can stab fat men in peace.

"Well, a fortnight ago Emilio walked in on me. He carried a letter from this Olympus man and it very courteously begged my acceptance of a draft for five thousand dollars made out in my name. It promised me an additional twenty thousand in complete payment if I was able to get hold of The Banderillero's Daughter from Peregrine's Galleries and send it to this Olympus by Emilio."

"Intriguing," murmured Macartney. "Do you think I'd better wait for Jeremy, after all, lady-mother?"

"You had. I'll entertain you with my story, my restless son-in-law, till he's comes." Zoe's limpid eyes, half-closed in their nests of make-up, pierced Macartney with a suspicious gleam. "I proceed. Did Emilio know Olympus? He did not. A third party had hired him in Seville. It was like peeling an onion to get to Olympus—skin after skin, and nothing there.

"I was to give Emilio an engagement—he's dancing some sort of new Cobra Dance outside at the moment—and then pack him off with the picture as soon as I had it. He seemed to know me, whoever he is, this Olympus. He seemed to know the thirst I have, the thirst for life and adventure, and power in my little way."

Zoe Craig's knuckles whitened and gripped on the arms of her chair and her lips bore the smile which had been carved on them that night long before when she had been carried out of the lights and music, a beautiful woman who was to become old Zoe Craig forever after. Some door opened in the corridor and a shiver of dreamy music rippled about her.

"Then—" suggested Brian Macartney. His eyes were upon Zoe Craig's sagged throat with a sort of comic terror as the tonic-water throbbed down it.

"He said if Jeremy Thicket was in London he would get the picture for me. He mentioned Thicket's name. Thicket was an expert, he mentioned, but I should have to watch him like a ferret. Olympus seemed to know that I'm used to watching people like a ferret. So I gave Jeremy Thicket the job. And—"

"And here comes Jeremy Thicket," finished Brian Boru, rising to his feet and dabbing his debonair face with a handkerchief as though suffering some discomfort.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday).

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Curtain of Gold

by Valerie Nicholson

(Continued from Page 19)

I am at a loss to understand why you did not do the same."

Nora's round face puckered with earnestness. "Those other girls had guilty consciences. Joyce isn't that kind."

They all looked at Joyce. She sat straight and slim in her cheap little suit, freeing their scrutiny born her like a branding iron. "Is that all?" she gasped. "We'll go now——"

"Oh, no" the first lawyer said. "we want you to stay. You can help decidedly. If what you say is true, young Brent will be freed and we will have something to go on in proving a case against these racketeers. We—er—appreciate——"

The woman in the corner arose and came toward Joyce, her hands outstretched. The tears were running down her face. "Forgive us. We are so sure—and you are so happy. I am afraid also we are very rude. We do thank you, and believe in you. I feel that what you have told us will save my son." She was very meek. Joyce thought with her silver hair, her smile so like Ranny's. "My dear—you have done a brave and wonderful thing. You must tell me why."

Why? Because she had to. Because Knowledge grew in Joyce's heart, so bright and beautiful that for a trembling moment she did not even know what it was. It grew and grew like streaming light until all of her was filled with it, the whole world ashine. She took a step towards Ranny's mother and felt her hands clasped strongly.

Because I love your son.

Mr. Clark fixed everything. He fixed a private hearing in the judge's chambers—without reporters. He left Joyce and Nora in an empty ante-chamber in the Centre Street headquarters for interminable hours, until Nora grew restless and fidgeted in her chair.

Joyce sat very still. She could feel the blood beat in her ears like muffled drums. What were they waiting for? She did not know. All she wanted was to go, and go quickly.

Suddenly, at a sound, she looked up—Ranny was at the door. He held out his arms and with a little strangled cry she flew to him. For a long time they could not speak, could only cling and cling, looking deep into each other's eyes.

Joyce—as it is love, isn't it? You're going to marry me?"

She nodded, her eyes wet.

"That'll scotch the reporters," Nora said. Her voice sounded miles away.

Joyce could think of nothing but Ranny, marveling his face through a blur of tears. "My dear, my dear. What have they done to you?" He was the same, yet changed—he seemed taller, his eyes deeper, his jaw set on a strong, square line. Inside him, too, there was something new—she could feel it in the strength of his arms about her. "You're different and I don't want you different. I want you just the same."

"I am the same," he laughed softly, "only now I've found out I'm a fighter—a little more worthy, I hope, of the girl I love."

American Weekly Patterns

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Pattern 3608—TRUE "NEEDLE-ART" THIS COLORFUL WALL PANEL! ITS PICTURESQUE MOTIF WILL ADD A GAY TOUCH TO ANY ROOM. Pattern 3608 contains a transfer pattern of a picture 15x20 inches, a color chart, material requirements, illustrations of the stitches used.

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Pattern 3704—ANY YOUNGSTER WILL FIND IT EASY FUN TO DRESS HERSELF IN THIS CAPTIVATING COAT-FROCK THAT BUTTONS QUICKLY DOWN THE FRONT. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch fabric.

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ORCHIDS from the one and only man! The girl never lived who didn't thrill at the thought.

But there's one girl who can never have this thrill—for men avoid her.

She's the girl who is careless about herself, who has allowed the disagreeable odor of underarm perspiration to cut her off from good friends and good times.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Quick to use; lasts all day. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. For it's harmless to clothing.

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Don't let this personal fault come between you and the popularity you ought to have. Depend upon the daily Mum habit! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

CAMAY ANNOUNCES THE 25 WINNERS IN ITS 1937 TRAILER HOMES CONTEST!

Here they are!—the 25 grand prize winners in Camay's great "Trailer Homes Contest." To each goes a 1937 Ford V-8 Sedan with a "Covered Wagon" Trailer completely furnished and 1,000 gallons of Sinclair H-C Gasoline! Camay congratulates these happy winners—and winners of the 300 cash prizes. And Camay thanks all who entered its great contest . . . telling why they preferred Camay to any other Beauty Soap. To every contestant, Camay has brought the greatest prize of all—*a clear, lovely, winning complexion!*

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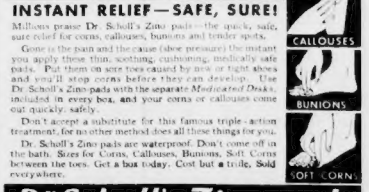
WINNERS OF 300 CASH PRIZES have been notified by mail

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

OUT COMES THE CORN



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Millions praise Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—the quick, safe, sure relief for corns, calluses, bunions and tender spots.

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Don't accept a substitute for this famous triple-action treatment, for no other method does all these things for you.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are waterproof. Don't come off in the bath. Sizes for Corns, Calluses, Bunions, Soft Corns between the toes. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.

CALLOUSES
BUNIONS
SOFT CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

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BEAUTY today is a matter of close attention to details. Whenever tired, worried or in need of freshening up, a Tarkroot Beauty Mask is so delightfully refreshing. Apply the Tarkroot Beauty Mask, then rest and relax for an hour or longer. Your skin will look and feel like a fresh flower. Tarkroot Beauty Mask is inexpensive too. Each treatment costs about 7 cents. At all beauty counters.

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Make your skin smoother, softer, younger-looking with Mercolized Wax. This lovely white cream sloughs off the blemished outer skin in invisible fine particles, revealing the fresh beauty of the underskin. Superficial discolorations of the surface skin naturally disappear.

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FOR a helpful, antiseptic astringent lotion, dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Usedaily. It is delightfully refreshing.

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Expressive EYEBROWS...

To keep your eyebrows trim and beautiful is now so easy. It's as sure to tweeze out the extra hairs with Wigder Tweezers . . . if hairs are uneven, Wigder Tweezers quickly bring them into line. Wigder's exclusive Lock-Grip and firm spring tension make tweezing quick and agreeable. At all drug and 10-cent stores.

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ALWAYS THE SAME!

BLUE RIBBON MALT

America's Biggest Seller

Recipes Requested by Our Readers

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

COOKING is a home duty that is never-ending. This seems especially true in hot weather, when appetites are more or less variable and when vitality seems low. One way to make the work a little easier is to use as many old and familiar recipes as possible.

Serve simple foods that are not too rich nor too highly seasoned. Serve as many cold foods as possible, using hot dishes for variety and accent.

We are giving a number of old recipes that have been requested by our readers this week. They are easily and quickly prepared and add variety with little increase of work.

Beet Soup.

WASH, pare and chop 3 large beets and cook in 1½ quarts meat stock until stock is well colored. In ¼ cup butter cook 1 minced stalk celery, 1 minced small onion and 6 chopped mushrooms. When delicately browned, remove vegetables. To the vegetable-flavored butter add 4 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add to the soup and stir until creamy and smooth. Season with 1 tablespoon salt, a few grains pepper, a little paprika and, if desired, a little finely-chopped parsley. Do not add parsley unless you are sure it is acceptable to your family. Serve with crisp brown croutons and garnish, if desired, with broiled bits of beef marrow.

Asparagus Sauce
(For Chicken or Lamb).

HAVE ready 1 pint well-seasoned strained and skimmed chicken, veal or lamb stock. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 4 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add the stock and stir until creamy. Add ¾ cup cooked asparagus tips, ¼ cup thick cream and 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice. Heat over hot water. Add ¼ cup fine dry bread crumbs and serve immediately.

Duchesse Potatoes.

TO 1 pint of hot riced boiled potatoes add 2 tablespoons butter, ¾ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 3 beaten egg yolks and enough hot milk or cream to make of consistency to beat. Press through pastry bag, using rose tube, as a garnish for planked or casserole dishes.

Round Steak Cakes with Broiled Bananas.

PASS 1 pound round steak through fine meat-grinder three times. Season with 2 teaspoons onion juice, a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. Form into 5 or 6 round flat cakes and broil in a wire broiler. When well browned on outside, arrange on hot platter and place in warming oven until serving time. Peel 2 large ripe bananas and cut into strips. Broil over fire until hot. Keep hot while preparing the horseradish sauce. To make the sauce: Mix 3 tablespoons fine bread crumbs with ½ cup cream. Add 3 tablespoons grated horseradish, season to taste with salt and pepper and, if desired, a few grains mustard. Heat over hot water and, just before serving, add 1 tablespoon vinegar. Pour a little of the sauce over the broiled cakes, place a piece of broiled banana on each cake and garnish with crisp cress or parsley.

"Health" Salad.

FINELY chop 1 cup raw carrots, 1 cup celery, 1 cup raw cabbage or 2 medium-sized onions, and ¼ cup cress. Mix lightly with well-seasoned French dressing and let stand about ½ hour. Drain and sprinkle with a few drops Worcestershire sauce. Any condiment sauce may be used. Cream a package of sharp cheese. Spread on thin slices of graham bread. Spread thick with the vegetable mixture. Cover with thinly-sliced buttered graham bread. Serve immediately.

Pear and Cherry Salad with Cream Cheese Dressing.

PLACE canned pear halves in individual molds. Pour quick-setting cherry gelatin over the pears. Chill. Unmold on crisp lettuce or cress. Serve with dressing made by crumbling 1 cake of cream cheese into 1 cup of thick sweet or sour cream.

Jelly Pancakes (Colorado).

MIX and sift ½ cup sifted flour with ½ teaspoon salt. Add ¼ cup milk and ½ cup cream. Mix well and add 3 well-beaten egg yolks. Fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Cook by tablespoonfuls on a hot griddle. Place on hot serving dish, spread top of each with creamed butter and currant jelly, roll and sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve immediately.

Chocolate Confectioners' Frosting.

MELT 2 squares chocolate over hot water. Add 2 teaspoons butter and 3 tablespoons scalded milk or clear strong coffee. Add powdered sugar to make of right consistency to spread. Flavor with a few drops vanilla.

Huckleberry Gingerbread.

MIX ¾ teaspoon soda with ½ cup sour milk and ½ cup molasses. Mix and sift 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons flour with 1 teaspoon ginger and ½ teaspoon salt. Combine mixture. Add 2 tablespoons melted shortening and beat well. Stir in ½ cup huckleberries. Pour into greased muffin pans and bake 25 minutes in a moderate oven or at about 350 degrees. Serve warm with maple syrup and whipped cream.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann.

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Cantaloup.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Peaches.	Berry Juice.	Melon.	Sliced Oranges.
Cereal.	Prunes with	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Cereal.	Soft-Cooked
French Toast.	Orange Juice.	Fried Pineapple.	Scrambled	Poached Eggs.	Rolled	Eggs.
Marmalade.	Cereal.	Toasted	Eggs.	Glazed Buns.	Individual	Fruit Muffins
Milk or Coffee.	Poached Eggs.	Corn Bread.	Delicate	Radishes.	Omelets.	(Left-Overs).
Luncheon	Toasted Rolls.	Coffee.	Cornmeal Cups	Coffee.	Muffins.	Coffee.
German Sausage.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	or Rolls.	Subminute.	Toast.	*Dinner*
Jellied	*Luncheon*	Corn Chowder.	Coffee.	*Luncheon*	Milk or Coffee.	Roast Fillet of
Asparagus.	Beef Soup.	Egg Salad.	*Luncheon*	Deviled Cheese.	*Luncheon*	Veal.
Apple Sauce	Puffed	Bavarian	Lima Bean and	Crackers.	Calf's Liver	Francoma
and Grapejuice	Bread.	Dressing.	Corn Succotash.	Spinach with	Loaf.	Potatoes.
Whip.	Pear and	Caramel	Stuffed	Egg Garnish.	Emergency	Buttered
Oatmeal	Cherry Salad.	Coffee Jelly	Beet Salad.	Sweet Pickled	Salad	Lima Beans.
Kisses.	Iced Tea.	with Cream.	Salad Dressing.	Carrots.	(Left-Overs).	Asparagus
Iced Tea.	*Dinner*	Lace Cookies.	Home-Made	Fruit Compote.	Fruit	and Beet Salad.
Dinner	Cold	Iced Tea.	Filbert Bread or	Lemon	Muffins.	Salad Dressing.
Salsify or	Corned Beef	*Dinner*	Ginger Muffins.	Cup Cakes.	Iced Tea.	Peach Ice-Box
Steak with	(Sliced Thin)	Iced Tomato	Iced Tea.	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	Cake.
Broiled	Hashed	Juice.	*Dinner*	Cucumber	(*Picnic*)	Demi Tasse.
Bananas.	Brown	Veal Cutlets	Canned or Fresh	Hero of Oysters.	Ham	*Supper*
Horseradish	Potatoes.	with Mushroom	Clam Broth.	Broiled Fish.	Sandwiches.	Potato Salad.
Sauce.	Ten-Minute	Sauce.	Savory	Potatoes.	Egg	Favorite
String-Beans.	Cabbage.	Steamed	Lamb Fricassee.	Relish.	Sandwiches.	Salad Dressing.
Cucumber	Corn on the	Potatoes or	Cheese or	Green Peas.	Tomato	Sardine
and Lettuce	Cob.	Noodles.	Paprika Biscuits.	Raw Cauliflower	Sandwiches.	Sandwiches.
Salad.	Green Gages	Buttered Okra.	Green Bouquet	Salad.	Chess Pies.	Health
Salad Dressing.	with Baked	Lima Beans.	Salad.	French Dressing.	Lemonade or	Sandwiches.
Rice Cup	Cream	Favorite	Chocolate	Pineapple	Fruit	Apple Sauce.
Pudding.	Custard.	Chiffon Pie.	Surprise.	Sherbet.	Punch.	Cookies.

How I Waded Through Blood to Become a King

(Continued from Page 21)

such as Afghanistan, and anyone searching for the spark would have passed it by, and looked elsewhere.

But, such is the way of life, this magistrate had failed to receive his salary for a considerable period, and he had reached that pass when justice must needs give place to expediency.

The Kooche were men of substance. They had with them considerable wealth. What was more natural that they should disgorge, and go free? It was said that they parted with ten thousand rupees to save their necks.

The Shinwaris, already taxburdened, already disgusted at the new laws inflicted by the King, regarded this as the last straw. Village after village arose and soon thousands had joined together in armed bands. A council was held and it was declared that Amanullah should be thrust from his throne and that Queen Souriya, who had bared her face to the multitude, should be expelled from the country.

News was brought to me of the tribes rising everywhere in the South and in the East. The country became so disturbed that the Khyber caravan route had to be closed. Then, the rebels attacked Kabul, and ransacked the armory there and retired from the scene well armed. It was but a step from there to the capture of Jalalabad, and Amanullah poured out his troops from Kabul in an effort to confront the menace.

Then came word that the rebels had decided to march on Kabul.

I, Bacha Saquo, determined to be there first.

In my province of Kohistan there was still a man who was Governor in name. Hitherto I had pretended to ignore this person's existence, for he caused me no let or hindrance, and, indeed, was the most ineffensive of men.

Now that the time had come, I decided to make use of him.

Gathering my bodyguard, I proceeded across the hills to this person's residence. Quickly, the place was surrounded.

Alone, I stepped into the great one's room. He was sipping his green tea. I covered him with my revolvers, and tied him to the legs of his iron safe. It was an undignified stance for a Governor, but he had been an inoffensive man who had done me no hurt, and I did not desire his blood.

I stalked over to the telephone which gave on to a private line direct to the capital.

"Give me the palace." I cried. "Yes—yes—the Governor speaking. Quickly—the King's own personal number."

A voice such as I had heard many times came crackling over the wire. Its cadences were unmistakable. It was the King.

"I have the honor to report to Your Majesty," I said, "that I have captured the brigand, Bacha Saquo. What would Your Majesty have done with him?"

His Majesty did not hesitate. The reply came back harshly and imperiously.

"Shoot the scoundrel like the dog that he is!"

Amanullah hung up the telephone.

I laughed loud and long in my beard.

With all his attentions directed toward the East, the King would give no thought to a brigand-chief whom he believed to be dead.

The vulture of the hills was ready to strike.

Before morning two thousand well-armed men had answered my summons. I mustered them, and surveyed them approvingly. Every man was a fighter, and every man had been well paid and knew that he could follow Bacha Saquo with confidence. It was enough.

"Advance!" I had taken my first active step to the throne.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Coffee-Chocolate Milk Shake

MELT 2 squares chocolate over hot, not boiling, water, add ⅓ cup sugar and 1 cup strong coffee. Stir until smooth. Boil 5 minutes. Add a few grains salt and, if desired, a few grains cinnamon. Allow 2 tablespoons of this syrup to each glass or cup of scalded or iced milk. Mix well, serve with whipped cream.

DID YOU SAY WAXED PAPER? No, I SAID CUT-RITE!

● Cut-Rite keeps sandwiches and other foods so fresh and tasty because it is a strong waxed paper, airtight, moisture-proof, waxed on both sides. Cakes, vegetables, fruits, meats—all left-overs retain their goodness much longer when wrapped in Cut-Rite. Cut-Rite cuts itself—saves much. At your grocer's.

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There are lots of things that depend upon crispness to be right. A drooped hat is disheartening.

And so is a "drooped" wheat cereal!

Kellogg's Wheat Krispies don't "wilt" in milk or cream. They stay crisp and crunchy, the way a wheat cereal should. The last spoonful is just as crisp and delicious as the first. The reason?—Wheat Krispies are *blended for crispness.*

You must try Kellogg's Wheat Krispies. Sample the rich flavor of toasted wheat in a new crunchy form. Enjoy the wholesome benefits of wheat flakes by the bowlful. Full of the nourishment of whole wheat. The elements for energy and strength.

Buy Kellogg's Wheat Krispies from your grocer. Always oven-fresh in sealed WAXTITE packages. Always ready to eat without cooking or bother. Enjoy them at home, or in restaurants and dining-cars. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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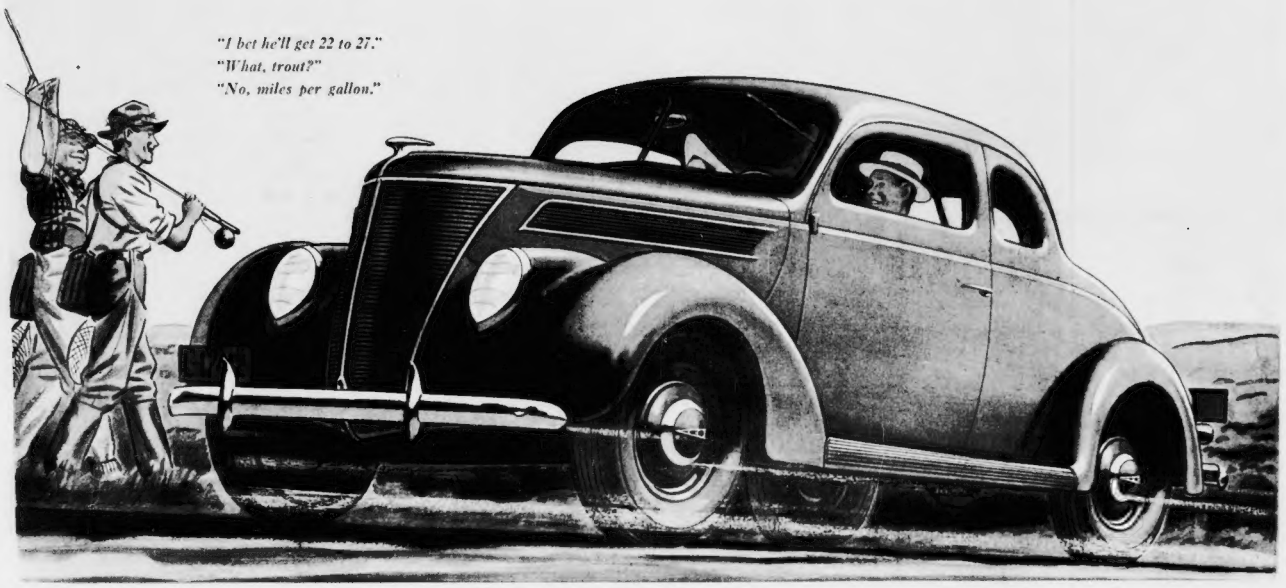
The Ford V-8 "60" brings you low price and unusual economy



The economy of the 60-horsepower Ford V-8 begins at the beginning — on the price tag. Ford prices have always been low and the price of the Ford "60" is the lowest in years.

Check the delivered prices of other cars of comparable size and you'll find a margin of many dollars in favor of the Ford "60."

Economical operation has always been a Ford fundamental too. The "60" has proved to be the most economical Ford car ever built. Records reported by many owners show averages of 22 to 27 miles per gallon of gas.

These figures are facts, not engineers' hopes or salesmen's claims. You can prove them at any time by borrowing a "60" from the nearest Ford dealer.

Best of all, Ford "60" economy has been accomplished without any sacrifice of size, safety or style. It has the same big chassis as the famous "85" . . . with the same superb Easy-Action Safety Brakes . . . and the same sturdy all-steel bodies (more room inside for you, because compact V-type engines take less room under the hood).

Stop before you go to get a new car and remember: Your dollars go farther in a Ford the day you buy it and every mile you drive it!

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